

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LV. }

No. 2196.—July 24, 1886.

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Vol. CLXX.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

NINE-AND-FORTY years, Mary; how far it seems away!
 And yet I well remember all the sunshine of that day!
 Then you were a little girl, dear, and I but a merry boy,
 Yet still the sound comes back to me of all our village joy.

'Twas a holiday from earliest dawn; we kept it, old and young;
 There was service in the ancient church, and hymns — Oh, how we sung!
 There was feasting in the largest barn, and dancing on the green,
 And we shouted till the sun went down, "God bless our youthful queen!"

And then, again, a golden hour, a glad time for our land,
 When Love that spares not high or low, Love laid on her his hand;
 And again our village bells rang out, and bonfires lit the scene,
 And town and country flamed with joy at the bridal of their queen.

Then blithely rolled the years along, all cloudless shone her skies,
 With one, — we know him now, — how good, how blameless, and how wise:
 And a people's heart again grew glad that royal stock to see
 Put forth its strength, and children born, shoots of the ancient tree.

A goodly race! They thrive, they grew, far in their Highland home,
 Where Lochnagar is dark with cloud, and Dee is white with foam:
 And they wore the tartan on their breast as they roamed thro' dale and glen,
 And Scotland loved her princes well, with the warmth of the tartan'd men.

Now call the children in, dear, and let them hear and see!
 Come, rosy cheek, and flaxen head, come, sit upon my knee.
 This was your queen as then she looked, ere touched by sorrow's fall:
 When joy too much for one full heart flowed forth in love to all.

Ah, England is a mighty realm: it spreads o'er sea and land;
 And oft the dusky nations fret who 'neath her sceptre stand:
 And India's crown has many a dint, and many a stain of gore,
 From Cabul's shame, avenged in blood, to Lucknow and Cawnpore.

And yet more deep, on that high steep, the dye of English blood,
 Where Euxine raves, and 'mid her waves Crimea's fortress stood:
 And Europe thrilled, with wonder filled, when round the tidings ran
 Of the stubborn fight on the misty height 'gainst the odds of Inkerman.

And so we won Sebastopol! There, children have you heard?
 That was a name, once dear to fame, all hearts in England stirred;
 And when the crippled soldier turned in an English home to die,
 'Twas the queen's smile that cheered him most, and her tender, pitying eye.

And thus the chequered years flowed on, one ever at her side,
 A hidden life! Where others vaunt, his joy his light to hide;
 For her to live, to point the path thro' dangers dark and dim!
 Hers to move calm and constant on, for England and for him!

And then on that December day there fell the dreadful blow,
 And a cry went up from all the land, "God help her in her woe!"
 Oh, never was there sorer need, for one so left alone,
 With her children and her kingdom, with her subjects and her throne!

Ah, love! I know we may not doubt, that blow it came from Heaven,
 But I know not how we two had lived by death asunder riven.
 There are duties men must dare alone, and burdens must be borne,
 But a woman, think of that, dear! with an empire, left forlorn!

And yet thro' all the long, long years, she bravely struggled on,
 Tho' the lamp of life was shattered, and the hand that nursed it gone;
 For there's no heart like an English heart, so tender, strong, and true,
 And our queen's heart is right English, filled with blood of the bluest blue!

Then come you here, you Donald! Come stand, sir, by my side.
 When at queen and country's call you go in her armed ranks to ride,
 When the big guns crash, and the sabres flash, with blood and death between,
 Then show yourself a man that day, and be brave, sir, as your queen!

Spectator.

A. G. B.

From The Edinburgh Review.
BAGWELL'S "IRELAND UNDER THE
TUDORS."*

It is a matter of great importance to politics as well as literature that the subject of Irish history should of late years have so largely engaged the attention of our most distinguished writers. Perhaps the very greatness of the interests at stake in contemporary politics has, especially in the case of Irish writers, enhanced the difficulty of our ascertaining the actual facts concerning the relations of England with Ireland during past centuries. It would be too much to expect in a country that has never had the faintest reflection of national unity that its writers should agree in the judgments they express respecting the policy of the rulers or the acts of the people. Accordingly, the advocates of English ascendancy are usually found to use all sorts of glosses and hypocrisies in disguising the real story of Irish wrongs, while Nationalist writers, blinded by passion or prejudice, have no scruple in misrepresenting facts so as to find in their annals new sources of exasperation against England. The exigencies of politics have likewise left their mark on this branch of literature. They have somehow fostered certain imaginative sympathies which repudiate the severe truths of history and cause a widespread connivance at fiction. It is a distinct advantage under these circumstances that there should have been an immense addition made to the stores of our knowledge from the national archives before historians of a better class should have undertaken to unravel the complexities of Irish policy. As something more is needed to give dignity and worth to history than the power of drawing character or describing society by picturesque and ideal contrasts, these writers have generally shown a rare skill in weighing the value of records which preserve the lineaments of an age in colors which cannot deceive us. They have thus shown us how historical criticism works like one of those filtering cisterns which render our

streams purer in their progress than at their source, and are thereby enabled to give meaning and vividness to the past without exactly turning it into an exaggerated image of the present.

It is about thirty years since Lord Macaulay and Mr. Froude gave a fresh and simultaneous impulse to the study of Irish history by the publication of their histories of England. The last struggle of a proscribed creed and a conquered race was never written with such picturesque brilliancy as by Macaulay, in pages which challenged at the same time a genuine sympathy for the Irish people. Mr. Froude's work was a candid and unsparing portraiture of Irish society from the earliest period, tracing circumstances back to their origin and forward to their consequences with an admirable clearness and literary skill, finding alike in the strength and weakness of the people a clue to the comprehension of their politics and history, but abounding in a savage scorn, which has always been bitterly resented by a sensitive and sentimental nation. The next important contribution made to our knowledge of Ireland was contained in the lectures of Mr. Alexander G. Richey, an Irish barrister, who saw his way through the complexities of ancient and modern Celtic life with a discernment almost intuitive in its appreciation of facts; while his scrupulous love of truth was only equalled by his pity for the long darkness of human misrule which made him say, "The study of Irish history teaches us sympathy with all Irish parties." Then Mr. Lecky appeared as the first Irish historian of weight, possessing less rhetorical power but more impartiality than Mr. Froude, yet with a literary skill that enabled him to throw an air of freshness around the most familiar facts of a singularly dry history, never for a moment sacrificing truth to effect, and generally challenging confidence by the fairness and tolerance of his judgments. Fidelity to history, according to his view, demands a severe judgment upon the mistakes of English policy in Ireland, and he is always animated with a warm attachment to his own countrymen, with some little indulgence to their follies and their

* *Ireland under the Tudors; with a succinct Account of the Earlier History.* By RICHARD BAGWELL, M.A. In two volumes. London: 1885.

crimes. A recent declaration of Mr. Lecky has, however, shown that he is no friend to the separatist policy of the Nationalist party. These historians were then followed by Mr. Gardiner, whose chapters on Irish affairs, connecting themselves so characteristically with English political movements, leave nothing to be desired on the score of impartiality, knowledge, and research; while Mr. Brewer, in his introduction to the calendar of the Carew Papers, gives us a picture of the Tudor period which is equally remarkable for accuracy and soundness of judgment. We need make no special mention of writers like Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Prendergast, and Mr. Hill, who are more annalists than historians, and would have served the purposes of history better if they had confined themselves to the humble but necessary task of faithfully presenting to the public the historical treasures they have been appointed or led to collect and examine. They have done much to spoil their work by a national partisanship which is hardly consistent with a liberal mind.

The author of the work at the head of this article has given us a very faithful and instructive picture of Ireland under the Tudors. "I have not," he says, "attempted to please any one party," for he believes that "the historian's true office is that of the judge, whose duty it is to marshal all the material facts with just so much of comment as may enable his hearers to give them due weight," for the reading public is to discharge the functions of the jury. Perhaps this limitation of the historian's office is rather too strict, for we can see no just objection to his passing an honest verdict on the characters or events of the past; but it is only fair to say that the distinguishing merit of Mr. Bagwell's book is that he has collected a great body of valuable facts with the most impartial and conscientious fidelity, and allows them to make their own impression on the mind of the reader. Having a high sense of the obligation of an historian to explore every source of information relating to his subject, he has utilized extensively the manuscript and printed stores of the Record Offices of the

United Kingdom, as well as all the leading authorities representing the different parties identified with the political struggles of the Tudor period. He has picked his way as carefully as possible among narratives which are more or less inconsistent and contradictory, and undertaken with considerable success to balance or harmonize the statements of characters who wrote either under a manifest prejudice or in the avowed interest of one side or other. It must, however, be admitted that though Mr. Bagwell has enlarged the store of our knowledge as well as furnished a more secure foundation for it by his obscure and toilsome researches, he has made no fresh discoveries in Irish history, neither has he disturbed by new evidence the verdicts which history had already pronounced upon the events of a striking epoch. We are disposed to think that his canvas is sometimes too crowded, that his narrative does not move at times on account of the tedious details of administrative transactions with which it is unnecessarily encumbered, and that he has not marked with sufficient clearness the various turning-points in the long and severe struggle between the Tudor sovereigns and their Irish subjects. We hear very much about the transactions of English statesmen, Irish lord deputies, Anglo-Norman and Celtic chiefs, but hardly enough respecting the common people, who, after all, constitute the most important because the most enduring element in any community. Our author does not possess the rare art of dashing off pictures with a few vivid touches of his pencil so as to throw life into the dark chronicles of Celtic society. He might have imitated with advantage the method, if he could not rival the skill, by which Mr. Froude has interested the whole world in Irish character and Irish life, by giving us a graphic picture of the country and its scenery, as well as special chapters on the industry, the occupations, the amusements, the social habits of the people, with a more or less sympathetic analysis of their national character, in its strength and its weakness, so as to explain in some way the many difficulties of English government. We are, nevertheless,

thankful to him for the very substantial help he has given us in understanding a difficult period in our annals. It is very important, at a time when a people without political education or responsibility, though with the keenest interest in politics, are demanding the breaking up of the United Kingdom, that they may establish an independent nation by our side in our own seas, that an impartial historian like Mr. Bagwell, who studiously avoids all paradoxical assertions and all eccentric or peremptory judgments, should show by the clearest evidence of facts that Irish nationality has never had the least basis of historical solidity.

We purpose in the present article to utilize the facts supplied by this carefully prepared work, so as to bring out the true lessons which it is calculated to teach respecting a period which marks the real beginning of modern Irish history. As there is a vital tie which binds the generations together, it is not possible for us to pronounce any judgment upon the past that will not more or less affect passing interests and influence contemporary feeling.

It appears to us that the first great misfortune of Ireland was that, unlike the rest of Europe, it escaped subjection to the Roman Empire. Agricola took possession of the south-west of Scotland partly in the hope of invading Ireland, for he thought, as Mr. Bagwell remarks, that his hold upon Britain, Gaul, and Spain would be strengthened by the annexation of the most remote island of the west. But "Fate had not ordained that Ireland should know the Roman peace." Yet Rome was the great organizer of the world, possessing a marvellous power of assimilating subject races, and of repressing the vagaries of individual and national freedom. It would have been well for Ireland if it had felt the strong hand which broke up the ancient forms of Aryan society elsewhere, establishing the settled tribunals, the regular government, the supreme authority in the place of the loose patriarchal or tribal sway. As history shows that the morality of a nation usually takes the external form of law before it sinks into the feelings and habits

of the people, so as to create a certain type of moral character, the Roman power suggested, in a sense, the idea of a universal morality by its firm and steady application of the principles of law to the men of all nations. But Ireland had to go its own way, apart from that order of things to which modern Europe owes at once its political continuity and its progressive civilization. It had to exist alone for almost a thousand years, as if to demonstrate, by its persistent anarchy, its utter inability to build up for itself a strong national life.

Its first contact with the world was unhappily with the Scandinavian power, which Mr. Green has described as "heathendom flinging itself in a last desperate rally upon the Christian world." It prepared the way, however, for the Anglo-Norman invasion three centuries later, for it built the towns on the seacoast which enabled Henry II. to hold a firm grip of the island. But if Ostman customs did not root themselves deeply in Irish society, it was owing in great part to the fact that the Ostmen received their religious faith from Anglo-Roman sources, their bishops being affiliated to Canterbury, while the Irish, following the succession from Patrick and Columba, cut themselves off from the brotherhood of Catholic Europe, till the revolt of Henry VIII. cemented their alliance with Rome. It was something for Ireland, however, to have the Danes build its first cities, and coin its first money; yet, as if to illustrate the historic perversity that runs through all its chequered annals, the Danes only aggravated the civil disorders of the country, and prevented its consolidation into a national monarchy.

It was the Anglo-Normans who really ended the long isolation of Ireland from the civilization of Europe. But the invasion which took place in the twelfth century, sanctioned as it was by a pope,*

* Mr. Bagwell says: "Irish scholars, torn asunder by their love of Rome and their love of Ireland, formerly attempted to prove that Adrian's bull was not genuine; but its authenticity is no longer disputed." This statement is not strictly correct. Dr. Moran, now Archbishop of Sydney, in an able article written thirteen years ago in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*, openly called in question the existence of the bull. M.

was not in any real sense a conquest, and therefore Mr. Goldwin Smith may rightly say that "the history of Ireland from the Conquest to the Union was the miserable history of a half-subdued dependency." There was no battle of Hastings to settle its fate in a single day. It would have been well for Ireland if the conquest had been as complete as that of England, for it would have involved such an annihilation of old Celtic traditions as would have left the stage free for the construction of a new society. The causes of failure lie on the very surface of the history. There was no nation in Ireland as there was in England; there was no single sovereign to bind the septs together in a tie that would have represented the political life of the whole people; there was no standing army, the destruction of which would have involved the collapse of all national resistance. A mob can only be dispersed; an army can be overthrown; so that Mr. Richey was justified in the rather original remark that "the strength for resistance of a nation so organized arises from its political disorganization." Besides, in the centuries that followed the invasion, the Anglo-Normans were too widely dispersed over the country to be capable of combined action, and as their military equipment was only adapted for a flat country they failed to penetrate the fastnesses of the natives. There was no finality in such warfare; it was like hitting water; for the Irish gave way at one point only to confront their invaders in equal force at a hundred other points. Then there were the civil wars among the adventurers themselves, caused by the absence of a strong central government; there was the fatal absenteeism which diminished the assimilative force of a superior race; and, by-and-by, there was the degeneracy which sprang from the adoption of Irish habits and ways. If Edward I., who spent ten years in the conquest of Wales, had only been able, as Mr. Bagwell suggests, "to attend to Ireland personally, it is at least probable that he would have conquered the country as completely as Wales." But the failure did not end here. The

first effect of the invasion in the twelfth century was the introduction of the feudal system, which, however, never really displaced the old Celtic tribalism, or included the mass of the people in its hierarchy; for the nobles still dwelt apart, while the natives remained in their fastnesses in a condition of almost absolute political independence. Then the feudal organization itself was shattered by the invasion of the Bruces in the fourteenth century, and thenceforth "for nearly two hundred years the history of Ireland is in the main a history of Celtic gains at the expense of Anglo-Normans and Englishmen, if, indeed, anarchy can be accounted gain to any race or community of men."

This was the condition of Celtic Ireland when the attention of the Tudor sovereigns, themselves belonging to a Celtic dynasty, was first seriously turned to its affairs. The power of England had declined to the lowest point it had ever reached, and was almost threatened with extinction even within the Pale. Yet it was a time when the discovery of America had spread through England, and indeed through Europe, a spirit of enterprise and hope such as had never been known since the fall of the Western Empire. The time was also at hand when the religious controversies of Christendom were to revolutionize everything in the relation between England and Ireland. Mr. Bagwell points also to the significant fact that the Tudors had just come into the possession of a new power for the warlike enterprises of their day, for "cannon came to be the peculiar weapons of the king, their great expense putting them out of the reach of private combatants, and no doubt it was gunpowder that caused the downfall of the feudal and tribal systems." We shall now consider the changes wrought by the Tudors in the organization of Irish society, during the century and more, in which "the surgery of a second conquest" was to prepare the way for the gradual assimilation of all its institutions to those of England under a strong and centralized administration. It is impossible to understand these changes without a careful consideration of the political, ecclesiastical, and social conditions which made them necessary; and, happily, Mr. Bagwell is at hand to provide us with the fullest information upon all these points.

We shall first consider the political framework of the country so as to show the utter impossibility of improvement without a complete displacement or effacement of its old Celtic constitution. It is

Victor Palmé, editor of the *Analecta Juris Pontificii* (Mai-Juin, 1882), took the same ground, and in the *Dublin Review* of July, 1883, Father Gasquet, O.S.B., carefully summarized the arguments and conclusions of these two writers to show that Pope Adrian had not only no hand in sanctioning the invasion, but that "he positively refused to be a party to the injustice." The Rev. Sylvester Malone afterwards established the authenticity of the bull by the most irrefutable arguments in the same review (April, 1884), and there the matter ends. Its authenticity was never questioned for five hundred years.

not necessary for us to deny what Sir Henry Maine has so successfully established, that the tribal organization of Ireland—the next grade in the scale of political progress to the patriarchal—connects the oldest remnants of Aryan life with the foundations of the modern world of Europe, and that the Irish cannot be denied a place among that famous group of nations which includes the Roman, the Gaul, and the Teuton among its members. But then, as the same authority assures us, the Irish were arrested at a certain stage of their political development by a long series of calamities which prevented the growth of a national monarchy; for it is all but certain that if Ireland had been left to itself, one of its principal tribes could have conquered the rest, and the existence of a strong central government, lending its vigor to the arm of justice, would have established itself even on the Brehon law. But, as fate would have it, no national life, much less civilization, was possible under the system of Celtic tribalism, as it existed at least till the time of the Tudors. A society consisting of a host of septs, divided by interests and by jealousies, could have no national cohesion. The Celtic tenure of land, which disallowed all individual possessions, making it the common property of the sept, almost necessitated a pastoral rather than an agricultural society—the flocks and herds of a sept grazing together upon common land—and thus interposed a powerful check to social progress. The transition from common to separate ownership marks, in fact, the transition from the pastoral to the agricultural stage, for the ground that a man tills with his own hand becomes his property. The principles of common possession, however, did not prevent the formation of servile and degraded classes in the community, representing usually the remnants of broken and conquered septs, who were the peculiar victims of that system of exactions known as “cuttings” and “cosherings” which were so indignantly denounced by the Tudor lawyers. Celtic society was therefore neither progressive nor stable, and was wholly destitute of all the amenities of civilization. Its only redeeming features, in a moral sense, were the fidelity of the septs to their chiefs, and the tie of fosterage—the parentage of the nurse—which acted with extraordinary force in an archaic community. It may seem strange to find these two persistent principles so prevalent in a society where every other form of influence acted so

uncertainly and with such an impression of hesitation. The explanation is to be sought, perhaps, not in the strength but in the weakness of the Irish character, in the existence of certain servile qualities which centuries of oppression have strengthened till they have become instinctive, destroying the capacity for individual action and making fidelity to the community or the family the paramount principle of life.

Now, the first idea of the Tudors was to destroy the whole Celtic constitution of society. This was primarily a defensive measure, for, as Mr. Froude remarks in relation to the hostile action of the Irish in the wars of the Roses, “for the first time for three hundred years Ireland was in full and ample possession of all the privileges of home rule.” Accordingly, the first act of Henry VII. on coming to the throne was to admit the native Irish, who had been hitherto regarded as “the enemy,” to all the advantages or disadvantages of the English law. It was not, however, till the reign of Henry VIII. that any serious effort was made to give practical effect to the new policy. The first step was to uproot the Celtic tenure of land and thus promote at once its individual possession and encourage the growth of tillage. This explains the determination of the Tudor lawyers to extirpate the primitive usages which they justly regarded as connecting links in the stubborn frame of Irish nationality. The king, who really thought of the welfare of the Irish, for, as Mr. Bagwell remarks, “the king saw he had duties in Ireland,” and “the idea of a patriot king was not altogether strange to him,” felt that everything depended upon the cultivation of the land, for all national income must ultimately come out of it, the landlord’s rent, the farmer’s profit, the laborer’s wages, the shopkeeper’s custom, and the professional man’s fees. But then, as if to illustrate the perversity already described as running through Irish affairs, Henry VIII. in changing the tenure simply turned the tribal lands into private estates owned by the chiefs, in disregard of the rights of the cultivators. He ought to have defined estates or interests in the same soil such as had always co-existed under the old Celtic tenure, just as Sir John Perrot half a century later did in Connaught with the happiest results in the way of territorial pacification. But the evil was rather theoretical than practical, for the old tenure was not really abolished, but rather driven under the surface,

and the relation between the owners and the occupiers was not, for a time at least, substantially changed. It was, no doubt, an impolitic device for the English government to encourage or connive at two codes of law, for it involved inextricable confusion. Irish writers have always lamented the wrong done to the peasantry through the confiscation of their tribal lands, but there is no evidence that it placed them in a worse position than they had previously held under their chiefs. Miss Hickson, in her book on "The Irish Massacres of 1641," draws a vivid picture of the miseries of "the humble clansman" under his chiefs, and says: "Let poetry and romance, or the theories of enthusiastic Irish antiquaries, disguise the facts as they may, it is certain that the old Irish clan system was the paradise of the chief and the priest, the archer and the bard, and the purgatory of the 'humble clansman.'" It is not strange, therefore, to learn from her that many natives preferred to live under the English planters. Mr. Herbert H. P. Hore, who writes with authority on the Brehon law, admits that "if some of the Anglo-Irish squires of the last century rackrented their tenants, an O'Bourke or an O'Flaherty of the sixteenth century literally flayed them alive," the Irish saying of that day being that such a chief "was a cormorant over his clansmen." These facts explain the anxiety of Henry VIII. to change the old tenure of land. So early as 1515 the king had been informed by a correspondent in Ireland that there would be no difficulty about tilling the soil, "for there be no better laborers than the poor commons of Ireland, nor sooner will be brought to good frame, if they be kept under a law." It must have been in despair of such a remedy that many thousands of Irishmen forsook the country in a single year to settle down in an English county.* But in due time agriculture prevailed over wide sweeps of the country. In the reign of Edward VI. there were not ten ploughs in Ireland. In Mary's reign matters improved but slowly. Diego Ortiz, a Spanish emissary of Philip II., had to report that the Irish lived on meat, not bread, because "what four men sow a hundred

come to reap, and he who has most success in robbing his neighbors is counted most a man." But notwithstanding all the severities of Elizabeth's reign, agriculture prospered remarkably. "Lands long waste were again inhabited, rents had trebled, markets were thronged with dealers and produce." The imposition of her very unpopular cess at a later period points to the same conclusion. Mr. Brewer says truly of the country generally: "The steady rise in the value of its produce is an index of its increasing prosperity." The mayor of Waterford bore testimony to the extraordinary change for the better that had taken place among the poor even in the early years of her reign. The Tudor policy had at last begun to act upon the springs of national welfare.

But whatever mistakes Henry VIII. may have made in revolutionizing the Irish tenure of land, the abolition of the system of chieftainship was equally necessary to his designs. The idea of the Tudors was to separate the chiefs from the people, and to attach the people directly to the crown, while they sought at the same time to throw down the barriers between the English colony and the Celtic race, and to reduce both to a loyal obedience. Imperial policy was, in fact, to dominate over the policy of ascendancy, and a strong central government was to give law alike to colonist, chief, and native Irishman. The object was to put an end to the distracting chaos of a society which was fast going to pieces through the ways of the chiefs. According to the "Four Masters" there were a hundred and sixteen battles, exclusive of those in which the English were engaged, in the first thirty-four years of the sixteenth century, involving a loss of a hundred and two Irish gentlemen of family killed in battle and a hundred and sixteen murdered. It was these incessant wars, even more than Tudor influence, that broke up the ancient tribal system. Consider, then, the condition of a country with about half a million of people in all, dominated by about ninety chiefs — sixty Irish chiefs and thirty "great captains of the English noble folk;" under the titular leadership of the Geraldines, the O'Briens, the Butlers, the O'Neills, and the O'Donnells, with seven or eight hundred swords at the command of each chief, and five hundred castles through the country to overawe a restless peasantry. This was not the only evil wrought by the dominance of the chiefs. The king wanted to destroy the system of exactions, by which the poor cultivators

* Mr. Bagwell says: "In twelve months the almost incredible number of twenty thousand Irishmen are said to have landed in Pembrokeshire — that little England beyond Wales whence the ancestors of the Geraldines had first sailed to Ireland. They spread themselves over the country about Milford Haven and between St. David's and Tenby, and the very corporation of the latter town came under Irish influence" (p. 183.)

were permanently impoverished. The chiefs lived on the plunder of their neighbors. Mr. Brewer, who draws a very vivid picture of the class, tells us that few of them could sign their names, and all of them were careless of art and literature and indifferent to the luxuries of civilization. They were easy and irregular in their habits; they did not encourage the masses to industry or improve their condition, and though they imposed no fixed rent they ground them to powder by all sorts of irregular exactions. "The rights exercised by the Irish lords were as oppressive as those exercised by the Russian nobleman over his serfs." The king's idea was to raise the general level of Irish society, to establish a higher civilization, which would protect the nobler race from degeneration and check the lawlessness of the masses by bringing about a closer assimilation between the institutions of England and Ireland.

The idea was enlightened and noble, but it had to struggle with immense difficulties, which Mr. Bagwell has described with great fulness of detail, caused partly by a practical dissociation of ideas between the Tudor sovereigns and their Irish governors, the excessive preoccupation of England with foreign wars, the extreme parsimony and vacillation of Elizabeth, the religious distractions of the times, and last, though not least, the innate perversity of the Irish themselves. Henry VIII. tried at first to govern Ireland by the great house of Kildare, but the experiment failed, and henceforth, as Mr. Bagwell observes, "no Irish nobleman received the sword during the remainder of the Tudor period." The Geraldines were afterwards crushed with great cruelty. Indeed, all the Irish chiefs were, as a rule, treated with excessive and apparently needless severity. Elizabeth had the greatest difficulty in bringing the chiefs to obedience, for she had to watch Spain and France at the time that the plottings of the Geraldines with the O'Briens and the O'Neills were perplexing her governors in Ireland. As Mr. Bagwell says: "The queen had to keep Scotland quiet, to hold Spain at bay, and to maintain tolerable relations with France. She saw what ought to be done in Ireland, but very often could not afford to do it. The tendency to temporize was, perhaps, constitutional, but it was certainly much increased by want of money." But the policy of the Tudor sovereigns was only a partial success. Mr. Brewer says of Henry VIII.'s reign: "On a gen-

eral survey of the whole reign it must be admitted that English authority had not declined in Ireland. The Irish knew well what they had to expect from such a king; and even severity, if it be uniform, is less disastrous in its consequences than a milder rule, erratic and undecided, vibrating uncertainly and capriciously, sometimes to the excess of mercy, sometimes to the opposite extreme." Or, as Mr. Bagwell puts it, with an evident eye to the policy of our own day: "Ireland has always suffered, and still suffers sorely, from want of firmness. In modern times party exigencies work mischief analogous to that formerly caused by the sovereign's necessities." Again, Mr. Brewer says: "But yet slowly and steadily, with many relapses, and in spite of many discouragements, the cause of order and good government was slowly making way. If any one will take the trouble to compare the condition of Ireland in Mary's reign with its condition under Henry VII., he will, I think, have little doubt on this subject." But in Mary's reign, if the English authority, notwithstanding all the advantages she derived from her religious opinions, was not sensibly impaired, it was not materially advanced. At last Elizabeth succeeded in her object; and if Ireland was henceforth slowly to improve, not alone in government and in the organization of industry but in habits, inclinations, and usages, "it must be remembered," says Mr. Brewer, "that Ireland owes them to what is often called the severities of the Tudors." We are now at the starting-point of modern history, for Irish nationality on its political as well as its religious side only dates from the reign of Elizabeth. Yet it is impossible to deny, in the light of all subsequent history, that the success of the Tudors in crushing the authority of the chiefs was purchased at a great cost, for it threw the masses of the Irish people into the arms of the priests, and this union of the clergy and people led in due time to those large projects of confiscation and colonization which changed everything in the relations of the people to their English sovereigns. For when—harassed by foreign complications, and worried by increasing difficulties at home—the government saw that anarchy in Ireland seemed irrepressible, they thought of bringing a new race into the country that would hold it securely for England. Henry VIII. had no idea of planting colonies in the country, for he sought to civilize the people as they were. It was Mary, Catholic as she was,

who first tried the experiment on a limited scale, but it was reserved for Elizabeth and her Stuart successor to carry out those great plantations in Munster and in Ulster which have had such an enduring influence upon the civilization of the country as well as upon its subsequent relations with England.

We have next to consider the ecclesiastical framework of Irish society as enabling us to account for many of the strange peculiarities of the national history. Religion is usually a uniting force, and is specially needed for a community not compactly organized; but, unfortunately for Ireland, there was nothing in its churchmanship from the earliest times conducive to the unity, the stability, or the progress of the country. In the first place the early ecclesiastical system differed essentially from that which existed on the continent of Europe. The schism turned mainly on the Easter question and thus had a rather trivial aspect, but at a time when religion included nearly all civilization it meant the isolation of Ireland, morally and socially, from all Christendom. The strong Latin organization was needed to give law to Irish society. The constitution of the Irish Church was monastic, not episcopal. It was, therefore, without that permanent element of constitutional and moral polity — the parochial system — which did so much socially for other countries. Mr. Richey says: "The form of the Church rather repelled than favored the growth of a national Church." The monasteries were, in fact, independent of each other, with no common tie or centre of action; the organization of religion being, as Dr. Sullivan describes it, perfectly acephalous, and whatever influence it exercised was not official, but individual, and therefore not continuous. The fact is certain that the Church did not incorporate itself with the people as a whole, so as to grasp them in their various relations; it did not make itself the cement of their various social conditions, the self-preserving power of a complicated national existence. Yet if a country so broken up by septs was to have a vigorously organized existence at all, its Church ought to have assumed the compact organization of an army. No doubt the old monastic Christianity of Ireland has a peculiar celebrity on account of its missionary successes in Great Britain and the Continent, which have been described with much eloquence by the Count de Montalembert. But the peculiarity of the case is that these Irish

monasteries which did so much for Europe did nothing for Ireland itself. Mr. Richey says: "The civilization of Ireland at this period, so far as it rose from monastic institutions, was strictly confined within the limits of the monasteries, and did not affect the general condition of the people." Mr. Bagwell observes likewise that neither the "Church nor the law had always original power sufficient to enforce steady obedience," and he quotes Dr. Sullivan as saying, "The Irish Church organization was ill calculated to influence the social habits and political life of the people, unlike the diocesan and centralized system of Latin Christianity. Hence a high spiritual life and intellectual cultivation within the numerous cœnobiums was quite compatible with practical paganism and disorder outside." There were almost constant wars in Ireland in this brightest period of Irish history.* Even the ecclesiastical clans made war upon one another. They certainly did not seek solitude as a means of acting more forcibly on the world around them, for they allowed it to rot into utter corruption. Mr. Bagwell shows how they tolerated concubinage, divorce, and arrangements by which "men even exchanged wives." What wonder that the monastic houses were often sacked and plundered by an irreligious laity! But the monastic system, as Mr. Lecky says reflectively, could do nothing for political liberty, not merely because the monasteries divert the energies of the nation from civil to ecclesiastical channels, but also because the monastic ideal is the very apotheosis of servitude. "Catholicism has been admirably fitted both to mitigate and to perpetuate despotism."

The introduction of the Latin organization in the twelfth century, however conducive it might have been to a more concentrated order of society, was unhappily the starting-point of a new division between English and Irish ecclesiastics. The unclean dominion of the sept, at least in religious matters, was in practical abeyance, but many of the old moral evils

* Mr. Bagwell says: "Whatever the advantages of a pure Celtic system it did not secure general peace. There is no period of which Celtic Ireland may be more justly proud than that between the death of St. Columba, in 597, and the death of St. Gall, about 640. It was the age in which the Irish saint Columbanus bearded Thierry and Branchau, in which Ireland herself was a noted seat of learning, and in which the monasteries of Luxeuil, of St. Gall, and of Bobbio were founded by Irishmen. Yet under thirty years out of forty-four either battle or murder is recorded in the 'Chronicon Scotorum.' In some years there were several battles and several murders."

still survived till the age of the Tudors. Anarchy still rent the kingdom. Irish ecclesiastics and English ecclesiastics were at constant war, and the laity for nearly three centuries sacked the monasteries and churches as if they had never heard of the sin of sacrilege. Matters were therefore in a very bad way when the Tudors took the country seriously in hand. Both bishops and clergy were guilty of many acts of violence and extortion. Mr. Bagwell says: "Murderers, thieves, and 'light men of war,' obtained provisions, ousted the rightful incumbents, ignored the rightful patrons, held the livings by force, and wasted them in riotous living." There was much looseness in the monasteries. Priors kept mistresses and had sons appointed to livings. Out of two hundred and twenty-four parishes, one hundred and five were impropriated by manors or the holders of monasteries, who made no provision for the maintenance of religion, and only thirteen parishes out of the whole number were such as Hugh Brady, the Bishop of Meath, "could approve." The only preaching done was "by the poor friars beggars."

This was the condition of Irish society, ecclesiastically, when the Tudors undertook to reform its evils. But, as if to illustrate the perversity which we have again and again noticed as running through Celtic history, Henry VIII. only added a new division to those already existing by preparing for the establishment of Protestantism, and thus intensified all the hatreds of the Irish race against the English rule. The first step taken by the king was to suppress the monasteries. The work had, indeed, already begun under Henry VII. at the instigation of Cardinal Morton, and was, therefore, not a blow aimed by Henry VIII. at the faith, but rather at the corruption of the monks. The first Irish religious house was dissolved in 1535, but the work went gradually on till seventy-eight houses in all were dissolved, pensions being generally provided for the heads of houses, and sometimes for other monks. Many of the houses had already disappeared, for Mr. Bagwell can trace about three hundred and fifty of them, exclusive of the mendicant orders, many having become parish churches, or having been absorbed in episcopal establishments before the reign of Henry VIII., while others, being dependent on English foundations, were destroyed by the act of absentees which applied to all sorts of landed property. The yearly income of

the monasteries was about 32,000*l.*, with personalty amounting to 100,000*l.* The dissolution encountered a formidable opposition on the part of the common people, but the chiefs were easily reconciled to the stern measures of the Tudors, for, as Mr. Bagwell significantly remarks, "Celts, Normans, Saxons, Papists and Protestants, alike showed a fine appetite for the confiscated lands."

Now, the immediate effect of the suppression of the monastic houses was to destroy nearly the whole provision for the support of religion in Ireland, and to throw the people literally into the hands of the friars, the most devoted servants of the pope, and the most anti-English of all Irishmen.* The king, no doubt, proceeded likewise to suppress the friaries — which were about two hundred altogether — but the members of the order were quite independent of such institutions, and showed that they could flourish without them. "We have the most overwhelming proof," says Mr. Bagwell, "that but for the friars a large part of the population would have been altogether debarred from the exercise of religion." But if the Tudors demolished the temporalities of one Church, they made provision for the establishment of another in its place. It was in the middle of the Tudor period that the first steps were taken to lay the foundations of Irish Protestantism, for Mr. Bagwell reminds us that its official establishment was decreed, not by the authority of Parliament, but by a royal order dated February 5, 1551, under the hand of Edward VI. The circumstances were not favorable for making Protestantism the religion of the Irish people. It was not a movement from within, but from without the nation. It did not spring up in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, like the Protestantism of Germany, England, and Scotland; there was no Celtic Luther, or Cranmer, or Knox, to direct a profound spiritual revolt against superstition; Ireland was in no sense receptive, for though the chiefs were ready enough to acknowledge the royal supremacy, neither the chiefs nor the people showed any disposition to repudiate Catholic doctrine; neither did the new faith, as Mr. Bagwell shows at great length, approach the Irish people under circumstances to recommend it to popular acceptance. No wise or liberal measures

* Mr. Richey says: "The dissolution deprived one-third to one-fourth of the parishes of the means of supporting a resident clergy, and left the country districts without religious instruction."

were taken to advance the Reformation. The British government ought to have selected the wisest, the most zealous, and the most conciliatory prelates for the sees; but Sir James Croft, who was no bigot, complains in Edward VI.'s time that the bishops "were blind, obstinate, negligent, and very seldom learned." The most faithful and pious clergymen ought to have been selected for the parishes, with a capacity for preaching to the people in their own tongue, while the Bible and the liturgy ought to have been likewise at once placed within their reach. But no efforts were made to instruct the people in the Bible, which was never, indeed, offered to the people at all till sixty-six years after the Reformation, when Bedell gave it to them in the Irish tongue. If this language had been made the vehicle of all secular as well as religious instruction at that formative period in the history of an ignorant and barbarous people, the history of the country would have been very different at the present hour. The government simply proscribed the old faith and enforced the new by heavy penalties. Governors like St. Leger saw the impolicy of the methods used, for, as Mr. Bagwell remarks, "he was really in advance of his time and had formed some notion of religious liberty," for he would have left "doctrinal changes to the action of time, persuasion, and increased enlightenment." But, indeed, little was done, even during the reign of Elizabeth, to displace the old hierarchy, which continued to hold most of the sees. The Roman Catholic Church was still the great visible force of the country, touching life everywhere, binding it together in all its relations, and maintaining thenceforth a still more vigorous hold upon the hearts of the people. Thus, the Tudors failed to convert the Irish to the Protestant religion, but they succeeded nevertheless in planting Protestantism, which, as the religion of the English garrison, was henceforth to break the political continuity of Irish life.

We shall now briefly notice the intellectual condition of Ireland under the Tudors. In the days of Elizabeth, Spenser observed the want of "the intellectual part in Irish civilization." At the beginning of the Tudor period Ireland had only a few monastic schools. It was without universities, printing-presses, or literature, just as it was without social order or the usages of civilized life. There was no renaissance, no dawning life of literary culture, such as visited other countries in

the fifteenth century; while, as if to make its intellectual isolation still more complete, the Irish language, then nearly universal, had the effect of shutting out the people from the liberal culture of the world. There was a time when Ireland was the brightest speck in Christendom, enjoying the last rays of an illumination which extended in the same degree to no other part of Europe. But the destruction of its old universities, begun by the Danes and completed by the Anglo-Normans through their civil conflicts, threw the education of the people into the hands of the monastic establishments.* This was a great misfortune both politically and intellectually, for the existence of the universities checked the growth of sectional interests by increasing the tendency to national cohesion; while the monastic schools, identified geographically with individual septs, represented too closely mere local ideas to give unity to an already divided community. But there is no evidence that these schools did their work well at all. Mr. Bagwell gives us no information whatever about their intellectual discipline or attainments. Mr. Richey says of the clergy of the Irish Church that "they certainly, with the exception of the mendicant friars, totally neglected their duty in instructing or preaching to the people;" but the clergy were themselves without proper training, and it was impossible that they could have raised the intelligence of the people. Even the mendicant friars did nothing for education. The Irish chiefs could not actually write their own names. But the means of popular education were altogether insufficient as well as defective. Speaking of the friars, Mr. Bagwell says:—

The education of children was almost entirely in their hands. Six houses in Dublin, Kildare, and Kilkenny are mentioned as the only places where the rising generation might be brought up in virtue, learning, and good behavior. The boys were cared for by the Cistercians of St. Mary's, Dublin, and of Jerpoint, and by the Augustinian canons of Christ Church, Dublin, and of Kells and Conal. The girls were brought up by the canonesses of Grace Dieu, near Swords.

But what was the value of six schools for a whole nation?

The Tudors saw that national education was indispensably necessary to the refor-

* Whatever these universities may have done for Ireland in early times, Mr. Richey is right in saying: "Alone of all the nations of Europe the Celts do not possess an epic poem which takes an acknowledged place in universal literature."

mation of Ireland, but they were singularly dilatory in providing schools to take the place of the old monastic establishments suppressed by Henry VIII. Mr. Bagwell may, indeed, justly say that "no care was taken to supply the place of the monasteries which were devoted to education." It was not for nearly thirty years after their suppression that the first real effort was made under Queen Elizabeth to establish national schools out of the revenues accruing from the monastic lands. Mr. Bagwell says:—

The first attempt at national education was made by an Act passed in 1570 for the erection of a free school in every diocese at the cost of the diocese, with an English master supported by the Lord Deputy, except in Armagh, Dublin, Meath, and Kildare, where the bishops were made patrons. The foundation was scriptural and Protestant, for the Elizabethans could not understand the permanence of any but the State religion. Henry VIII.'s parochial schools having never come into being, this must be considered as the first attempt at national education.

In other words a system of popular education was established which made it impossible that the Irish people, who were Catholics in religion, could accept it, for it was not only under Protestant direction, but was designed expressly to promote the spread of the Protestant religion. Then the same English government which allowed the Welsh to retain their own language refused to tolerate the Irish tongue as an instrument of education at all. But the system, such as it was, was badly administered, for it was soon reported by Tremayne, "Good schools there are none, for no teacher could be sure of being paid;" perhaps because, as Lord Chancellor Weston bitterly observed, "churches and schools find no favor among us." Perhaps there were too many in that day, like Bramhall in the next age, who were opposed to the education of the Irish because they were "a barbarous, degraded people, unworthy and incapable of civilization."

Practically, then, no provision was made for the education of the Catholic laity, who were therefore left for nearly three hundred years dependent on the casual resources supplied by the Jesuits or the friars or the lay teachers, while the Catholic clergy had to go abroad for their training in those colleges founded by the Jesuits, of which no less than six were established during the reign of Elizabeth. The effects of the Tudor policy were deplorable. It perpetuated the long-conti-

ued barbarism of the people, and made social progress impossible, for the efforts of the religious orders were too sporadic, irregular, and ill-sustained to make education general. It also operated badly in a political sense; for though intended to make the Catholic Church powerless, the policy of the government by leaving the Catholic laity uneducated threw them more completely into the hands of the clergy, and made the ecclesiastical element henceforth dominant in the political and social life of the country. It immensely enhanced all the difficulties of the government, for the worst faults of the Irish are due very much to the want of education, such as their intractableness, their want of moral initiative, their inability to realize existing facts, and their readiness to follow designing leaders. If the English government had allowed the Catholic Church to provide an education on its own terms at a time when the Jesuits were actually helping on by their policy in education that movement of the European mind which it was their design to suppress, the Irish people might have become more reconciled to order and industry, and therefore less difficult to govern, for there is no security in ignorance either for the virtue or the repose of a nation. It is too late in the day for us to raise the question whether Catholic laymen with full knowledge might not be more powerful than if they were without it. They would be more powerful for safer objects and less powerful for stimulating a dangerous bigotry, enforcing a cruel exclusiveness, or inflaming the prejudices or jealousies of race or class. The single intellectual boon conferred upon Ireland by the Tudors was the establishment of Trinity College in Dublin in the last years of the sixteenth century. It is the only institution founded by them which has had an undisputed success.

The question now comes up for consideration, what was the effect of the Tudor policy, as a whole, upon the destinies of Ireland? Mr. Richey maintains that every social and political system tried in the country for ages—alike Celtic tribalism, Anglo-Norman feudalism, and Tudor theory of divine right—ended in failure. Mr. Bagwell has, perhaps, reserved his judgment upon this question for the third volume, which is to complete his history, for he is silent upon it in the present volumes. It cannot be denied, however, on any large and fair consideration of the facts, that the Tudors brought good as

well as evil to Ireland. So far as England itself was concerned, they protected it at a critical time against the invasion of Spain by destroying the power of its Irish allies; while by establishing a new and enterprising race possessed of great colonizing abilities in the country, and separated from the ancient race in religion, politics, and habits, they provided a permanent guarantee for the English dominion in Ireland. And so far as Ireland was concerned, by destroying the power of its native chiefs and by revolutionizing the tenure of land they prepared the way for a new structure of society, in which agriculture should become the basis of the commonwealth, and the people led to betake themselves to the ways of honest industry. Then, by imposing a firmer administration upon a country destitute of national cohesion, they helped to lift it out of anarchy and give it the benefits of order and law. But the fact that confiscation, preparing the way for large schemes of colonization, was deemed to be necessary to the reformation of Ireland, points indisputably to failure. The Tudors could do nothing more for the people, and Mr. Goldwin Smith says truly, "Submission may avail with the tyrant, but never with the confiscator." The causes of failure are not far to seek. The preoccupation of the English sovereigns in foreign wars, the want of money and troops to make the conquest a reality, and the absence of a continuous and consistent policy, have been already glanced at. Mr. Bagwell, like most writers, touches upon the true cause of failure when he assigns it to the religious distractions caused by the Reformation. He says:—

Had England remained in communion with Rome, Henry's tentative and patient policy might have succeeded in Ireland. The Reformation caused its failure, for there never was the slightest chance of native Ireland embracing the new doctrines. The monasteries had not weighed heavily on Ireland, and their destruction made many bitter enemies and few friends. By upsetting the whole ecclesiastical structure Henry left the field clear for Jesuits and wandering friars; and his children reaped the fruits of a mistake which neutralized every effort to win Ireland.

This divergence of religious belief between England and Ireland, which was the real cause of the worst severities inflicted on the weaker country by the Tudor sovereigns, became henceforth a serious risk to England itself. It was only amidst the complications of the sixteenth century that the Irish question entered as a seri-

ous factor into English politics at all, for our foreign enemies only saw in Ireland a favorite point of attack against England, while England saw in it a coming struggle for existence. Thus, as Mr. Goldwin Smith says, "Ireland was drawn into the spreading vortex of that great religious war which raged for a century between the Protestant and the Catholic powers." Even before Henry VIII. began to apply his policy to Ireland the Irish had struck the first blow at English power. Mr. Bagwell speaks of the Desmonds beginning to intrigue with Charles V. in 1529:

There is reason to believe that a Spanish expedition to Ireland was really contemplated, but that the Biscayans intended for the service refused, alleging, with a fine perception of the realities of Celtic diplomacy, that the Irish would be sure to deceive the Emperor. At all events nothing was done, and Spanish intervention in Ireland was put off for half a century.

It was not, therefore, till the reign of Queen Elizabeth that the Irish felt the full stress of the terrible conflict in which they became involved through their intrigues with the Spaniards. Ireland was the victim through whom both of the contending parties aimed their blows at each other. It was not till 1569—eleven years after the queen's accession—that the pope's bull began the war of religion, and Elizabeth promptly saw that the danger was to be anticipated by the complete subjugation of the country, which was not planned by the queen as an end in itself, much less with the view of improving the condition of the Irish people, but to cover the unprotected rear of England against her Continental enemies.* This explains the long and terrible story of which Mr. Bagwell gives us the opening chapters in his volumes, when a fierce madness swept Munster and Ulster with fire and sword towards the end of the century to make way in due time for the establishment of a new race in the island. It is sickening to read the details of this bloody struggle, which had the effect, however, of subduing the native anarchy and of clearing the ground for a new civilization. But Irish nationalism, as we have already said, dates from this period like Irish history itself.

In estimating the various circumstances which account for the comparative failure of the Tudors to civilize and conciliate Ireland, it is impossible to put out of view

* Mr. Bagwell says: "Outward conformity was what Elizabeth chiefly aimed at in the early years of her reign, and before a papal excommunication forced her to be the enemy of all who adhered to Rome."

certain peculiarities or defects in the character of the Irish themselves, which greatly enhanced all the difficulties of the situation. Mr. Bagwell's narrative throws some light upon this part of the subject, but he has not thought fit to emphasize it as a factor in the administrative perplexities of the sixteenth century. Let us briefly touch upon it, not merely as entering legitimately into the problem of the Tudor embarrassments, but as accounting in some measure for many of the political difficulties of the present hour; because, of all people in the world, the Irish are shown to be through the whole of their history most distinguished by the continuity and the tenacity of their national habits. Their history shows, then, in the first place, that they have but a faint conception or appreciation of individual liberty. This, indeed, may be regarded as at once a characteristic and a survival of the old Celtic tribalism. In the sixteenth century the individual was nothing, the sept or tribe was everything. The right to individual life ceased to exist where it was felt to injure the community. This social solidarity, to use a phrase of our day, is still a characteristic of the race, and indicates the weakness rather than the strength of individual character. It accounts for the readiness of the Irish to follow any plausible leader just as they followed their old Celtic chiefs, for, as Mr. Mill remarks, "they are always ready to trust implicitly those whom they think hearty in their cause." They feel their individual helplessness, and therefore seek the strong guidance of men like Mr. Parnell. Yet their fidelity to the community is not inconsistent with what appears like inconstancy. Lord Chancellor Audeley said in Henry VIII.'s time, "They be a people of strange nature and much inconstancy," and we see the proof of it in the quickness with which they transfer their allegiance from one leader to another. Nothing is more interesting in modern politics than the rough process of natural selection which has been doing its pitiless work among the Irish leaders for more than a generation; but whether it be O'Connell, or Butt, or Shaw, or Parnell who is the cherished idol of the hour, the people are constant, through all changes of leadership, in allegiance to the community. It is the consciousness of individual weakness which likewise leads them to organize into secret societies for purposes either of aggression or self-protection. Thus we have the merciless annihilation of all individual opposition to schemes

affecting the community at large, whether in the form of boycotting — the most penetrative and comprehensive of tyrannies, — or in the form of Ribbon societies, or Invincible clubs, or Fenian brotherhoods. We see it further in the fear of popular opposition which paralyzes the vigor and weakens the sympathies of nearly all Irishmen, preventing the utterance of anything that may give popular offence, and in the almost total absence of that individual confidence which can create a popular feeling on its own side by the mere earnestness and depth of its conviction. Thus, the opinion of the community acts with a pressure which no individual or class can resist, not even the leaders themselves, who have no moral courage to denounce assassins. In a society thus constituted, it is easy to see how the very weakness of individual character may become a formidable element of strength when utilized by unscrupulous leaders against the power of the State.

But another trait more or less characteristic of Irishmen, and increasing all the difficulties of government, is their recklessness, associated as it is with an impatience of control, and a disposition to take their own way, though it should be a bad one both for themselves and for the community. Thierry, who is an admirer of the Celts, concedes to them a marked dislike to discipline and order. Sir John Perrot, one of the best of Elizabeth's governors, said: "The Irish are subtle, fond of license, and ready for anything so long as it is not for their good." It was this reckless spirit which almost drove the lords deputies of Ireland to despair. It had of course its amusing as well as its tragic side. Sidney says of the peasantry of his day: "They fight for their dinner, and many of them lose their heads before they be served with their suppers." Mr. Brewer expatiates upon the love of mischief and the love of strife as spreading at times with the celerity of wildfire through the various tribes, and leading to the most frightful social disorganization. It would seem as if there were a *gamin* element in the character of Irishmen. It is this recklessness which is still the disturbing element in Celtic life, especially when the supineness or the weakness of government allows an ignorant and misguided people to inflict ruin upon themselves. We have seen how they have again and again, by their senseless spite and their capricious violence, checked the progress of agriculture and commerce, producing a condition of things which

always deadens the pulse of industry, impoverishing the landlords, the best customers of the shopkeepers, chasing away capital from the country, because they have shown that no contract is safe, and preventing new industrial companies from taking root because the old were made the victims of hostile agitation. Their favorite newspapers make a dead set at Irish banks, and reduce the stock held by Irishmen;* while the farmers, with an amazing perversity, put a stop to hunting and fishing and other forms of sport which bring strangers to the country, and lead to the expenditure of large sums of money.

But akin to this recklessness is the ferocity of spirit which they carry, not merely into their war against government, but into all their disputes with their own countrymen. Mr. Brewer says of the old tribal quarrels: "The Irish are a generous people, but in these wars of rival clans nothing else was developed except thoughtless and indiscriminate ferocity;" and Mr. Goldwin Smith sees, perhaps rightly, in this homicidal frenzy which often takes possession of Irishmen, the evidence less of a deep depravity than of a most wretched kind of weakness. It is strange, however, that civilization, reinforced by religion, should have done so little in three hundred years to extirpate the passionate ferocity of a people not unkindly or ungenerous in its happier moods. It usually changes the forms that our passions take, because it enables men to realize better the scope of their actions and produces a complexity of feeling which checks the sway of a single passion. But the Irish people are still unchanged in their national temper. The dynamiters have shown that they are malignant enough to use the terrible resources which science has put into their hands, and are callous enough to kill the innocent, without scruple and without remorse, for the furtherance of an idea for which they do not sufficiently care to risk or expose their own lives. The emissaries of the National League similarly carry out a sort of *Jacquerie*, in midnight murders, in attacks on women and children, in houghing of cattle, in cropping of horses, and in brutalities which would disgrace the worst brigands. They believe in no remedy but force, and their methods are always mean and vindictive.

It seems to us, indeed, unmistakably

clear that the *morale* of Irish life has visibly degenerated in modern times, even amidst all the manifold evidences of an improved social condition. People have remarked that the traditional gaiety and sprightly humor of the peasantry have largely given way to a temper of sullenness and gloom, both alike unexpected and unreasonable. But in the times of which Mr. Bagwell writes the love of justice was even more conspicuous amongst the Irish than the vivacity of their wit. We all remember Sir John Davies's testimony upon this point. But the most conspicuous feature of the Irish character to-day is an entire absence, not only of generosity, but of the most ordinary sense of justice. It cannot be denied that the British Parliament and the British people have made the greatest sacrifices for Ireland, yet they are confronted to-day with a hatred of English law, English control, English ways; growing, indeed, more intense with each concession we grant, and each humiliation inflicted upon us. In the bad old days, when Ireland was the most wronged country under the sun, there was far less of the expression of this antipathy; but it has increased rather than diminished with every genuine attempt to do her justice, and only led to new and intolerable demands, which are urged with growing virulence, and backed by increasing violence. It is this fact that causes such bewilderment to Englishmen. Justice evokes no sympathy; liberty brings no reconciliation; government becomes more difficult, just in proportion as Englishmen are inspired with a new spirit of forbearance. But the decay in the love of justice which once characterized Irishmen is still more signally manifest in the repudiation of just contracts with their own countrymen. They have suffered, no doubt, like the farmers of England and Scotland, from an agricultural crisis of extreme severity, but they have no right to confound suffering with injustice, or to betake themselves to robbery as a remedy. There can be no doubt, indeed, that the agrarian movement rests upon the most sordid basis. There was a time when the late Mr. P. J. Smyth, the Nationalist, said to his countrymen, "Let us be romantic and poor;" and it seems hard even now to believe that the debasing passion of greed should have attained such force among a people devoted to a creed which, whatever its other defects, checks the passion for comfort, and diminishes the fear of poverty. But the evidence is all too plain that the love of justice, not to

* The stock of the Bank of Ireland was reduced in this way from 340*l.* per 100*l.* at the end of 1854, to 262*l.*, the highest price quoted on the last day of 1855. On the 28th December it stood at 249*l.*

speak of morality itself, has given way before the passionate greed which would attempt not only to defeat the landlord's demand of his statutory right, but repudiate likewise every other class of debt.

The question is very naturally suggested by facts of this kind. How is it that the moral sense of a people, who have always had a reputation for extreme devotion to religion, has become so seriously impaired and the hatred of authority risen to a height at which even the social virtues have almost disappeared? The answer to the question suggests grave misgivings with regard to the worth of the moral training which the Irish people have received for generations from the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church. It would seem, indeed, that notwithstanding all the advantages of their position, and especially those they derive from the love and confidence of their countrymen, the clergy have failed to instil into Irish minds the most elementary principles of morality. We may talk of the failure of the Tudors, or, indeed, of the failure of all governments for three centuries back, to solve the Irish difficulty; but what is the significance of these failures to be compared with the failure of the Roman Catholic Church to impart to its flocks that mental and moral discipline which makes peaceful and prosperous citizens? M. de Tocqueville has said that it is the moral character of citizens which mainly determines the order or disorder which prevails in a community. The saying is perfectly true. Yet it would seem that the clergy are actually powerless to keep their people from drifting into acts of lawlessness and immorality. They have been building churches and cathedrals without number in all parts of the country. For two generations they have been powerfully supported by the religious orders, who make it their special work to impart moral culture; they have had all the advantages that could be derived from a national system of education, over which they have had practically unlimited control; and it cannot be pleaded that the government has in any way interfered with the discharge of their ecclesiastical duties.* Neither can it be said that in-

fidelity has eaten the heart out of Irish religion so as to admit of the people drifting easily into anarchy and crime. Yet the peasantry seem to be to-day as ready as they were in the sixteenth century to engage in deeds of plunder and murder and outrage. Why has the Roman Catholic Church failed to suppress the Ribbon societies, which she has so often condemned, mainly, we believe, because they were inconsistent with her own authority? Why has she of late abstained on critical occasions from denouncing them at all? Why does Archbishop Walsh speak so tenderly of the crimes of dynamiters, when he warns the English government to be wise in time, lest the assassins should hold their feast of freedom amidst the conflagration of English towns and the ruins of English civilization? Why do prelates and priests listen to Socialistic doctrines proclaimed as a governing rule of life without uttering a protest? Why are the priests now generally the chairmen of the National League tribunals, which exercise terrorism over local districts? Does it not appear, indeed, as if they had joined hands with the people not only in their agrarian but in their national policy to save their purely religious authority, and that the pope has sanctioned the bargain through the fear that the steady friction of political ideas might weaken the feeling of attachment which has hitherto bound the peasantry to the Church? It is not difficult, then, to understand the failure of the Church to train Irishmen aright. But a Church which displays such an immoral laxity, springing from policy rather than conscience, capable of attenuating the claims of the moral law because its promulgation is inconvenient, conniving at great crimes which threaten the moral disintegration of society, does not know the true conditions on which authority in these days can be maintained, and deserves to lose its influence. The sacrifice of its moral prestige will by-and-by bring about that intellectual revolt which has done so much to weaken Catholicism everywhere on the Continent.

But we cannot in any case ignore the lessons which this retrospect of Tudor times teaches ourselves as to the overwhelming urgency of imperial obligations at a crisis like the present, which so deeply affects the relations of Ireland to the other parts of the kingdom. The Tudors strove hard to prevent the creation of competing laborers, is demonstrated on every occasion.

* It is not under the British rule alone that Irish lawlessness disorganizes communities. The Molly Maguire conspiracy in Pennsylvania prevailed for twenty years, and committed scores of murders; yet it was at last arrested in its guilty course, not by the Roman Catholic clergy, but by an Irish detective named McFarland, who sent many murderers to the gallows. The massacres of the negroes in New York, and of the Chinese in California, were the work of Irishmen, whose hatred of Chinese, Italians, negroes, or any race

of a hostile and military country so seated by nature that it should, if not immovably friendly, be a perpetual menace in our waters. Yet we are now asked to break up the constitution of the United Kingdom and to throw the fragments into the "kettle of the magicians," to use Burke's picturesque phrase, in the hope that an independent Ireland may not only become contented and happy, but the sure guarantee of the safety and honor of the empire. The Tudors strove hard to crush the chronic anarchy of a country without the least semblance of national unity, and we are called upon to-day to consent to a constitutional change which, so far as Ireland herself is concerned, would create a civil war, a war of provinces, a war of classes, a war of creeds. The Tudors strove, though with imperfect success, to assimilate the institutions of the two countries. We have for more than half a century pursued the policy of steadily doing justice to all the interests of Ireland in the hope that our reforming legislation might put her on an equal footing with England and Scotland, and at the same time appease her traditional hatreds and wear out the rancor of disappointed greed. We have extinguished the possibility of insurrection, if we have not made the country more manageable; and our immediate as well as our permanent concern must be henceforth to vindicate the imperial authority in its affairs by protecting the lives and property of honest men, by enforcing the observance of contracts sanctioned by the solemn act of the legislature, and by arresting the destruction of credit, confidence and capital, which is so seriously imperilling the very existence of Irish society. For there can be no commerce without contract, no order without law, and no prosperity without the discharge of just debts. Notwithstanding all the agricultural embarrassments of later years, and a laxity of industrial life which still scorns the exactness and the continuousness of English or American work, Ireland is to-day a more comfortable home, a more productive farm, a better workshop than she ever was in any past period of her history. The time has surely come for her to dismiss her wild illusions, which spring from the curse or the blessing of a too retrospective imagination, to retreat from the sterile attitude of hostility which vexes the peace of both countries, and to assume the position which will enable us to dwell side by side in the fellowship of common interests and aims.

From Chambers' Journal.
TREASURE TROVE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

SAINT QUINIANS — that quaint little town which nestles in a valley close by the cruel, tumbling North Sea — looked forward, sixty years ago, to market day as the one weekly break in the monotony of its existence, just as it does now. On Wednesdays, Saint Quinians became the centre to which active life converged from a score of villages and hamlets that regarded it as their metropolis. Wednesday was a point in the calendar upon which hinged all arrangements, and by which all events were calculated; people met upon Wednesday who never saw each other at any other time; and the news of Wednesday was the latest obtainable by many folk even at an epoch when forty coaches left London every evening. And if Saint Quinians's shopkeepers looked forward to Wednesday as their busy day — if the farmers looked forward to it as the link which bound them with the outer world — if the local youth saved up their money and their spirits, and let them both out on Wednesday, Bertha West, who lived with her father in a solitary house on the shore, some four miles from the town, looked forward to it as the day when she met her sweetheart, Harry Symonds, and spent the happiest hours of her week. Every Wednesday, Harry Symonds met her at the old South Gate — the only one remaining to tell of days when Saint Quinians was a port of some fame and contributed its quota of ships and men to the national navy — and if she was prevented from coming, a very miserable week was in store for the young man, as John West, the father of Bertha, did not approve of the attachment, for the rather selfish reason, that if his daughter married, he was left alone in the world.

They had been sweetheating in this semi-clandestine manner for more than a year, and Harry Symonds was beginning to face mentally the awkward problem of what was to be done, should the old man persist in his opposition to the match. Not only this; but the young man was aware that the pretty girl whom he had learned to regard as his own inalienable private property was the object of very marked attention on the part of a certain Jasper Rodley, a youth who bore no very high character in the town, who had suddenly disappeared from it for three years, and had as unexpectedly re-

turned; and although Harry trusted Bertha implicitly, he thought that a settlement of affairs would be an advisable step. And so when, one bright spring Wednesday morning he met the girl coming with her market-baskets on her arm along the path over the sandhills, she observed that his face was serious, and very naturally jumped at the conclusion that something was wrong.

"Why, Harry," she exclaimed, "there's a face for a lover to make who sees his sweetheart only once a week! There's nothing wrong, is there?"

"No, dear," replied the young man, his face instantly brightening at the sound of her voice; "there's nothing wrong. I've been thinking, that's all. And how are matters at home? How's the father?"

"Just as usual, Harry. Father's been depressed all the week; but I've got him to set to work on his flagstaff and battery with two real guns, so that he'll be all right."

"I wonder what depresses him?" asked Harry. "You've always described him as such a jovial old sea dog."

"I don't know; but ever since the Fancy Lass was wrecked, he's been different at times."

"And Mr. Rodley—has he been annoying you with any of his attentions lately?" asked Harry.

"No. But I've seen him more than once about our house."

"How did he find out where you lived? And what is he doing there?"

Bertha shook her head, and said: "I don't know. I seem to think that there has been some acquaintance formed between father and him. He has never been inside the house, to my knowledge; but I fancy they meet now and then."

The young man was silent for a few moments; then he continued: "Well, never mind, Bertha. So long as we are true to each other, he cannot come between us. He's a queer fellow, and people say odd things about him. If you remember, he disappeared from Saint Quinians about the same time that my sad business with the bank took place."

"You mean when the bank's sovereigns were stolen, and you were dismissed for cul—cul— What was it, Harry?"

"Culpable negligence, my dear."

"Yes, that was it; and a great shame it was!" cried the girl warmly. "I wonder where the sovereigns went to?"

"Ah! where indeed?" asked Harry. "They were never traced. But old Cusack, our cashier, who disappeared with

them, took good care that they never should be traced. It's my belief that they went to sea, for three thousand pounds in sovereigns are not carried away so easily. However, after all, it did me no harm. Every one agreed that I was cruelly treated. I got a new berth immediately; and I'm much better off now than I should have been if I'd remained in the bank's service; so well off, in fact, Bertha, that I'm beginning to think it almost time for us to come to some decision as to what we shall do."

"O Harry! there's plenty of time to think about that; and it's—it's so pleasant making love; and besides, I must break it gently to father, for he has no idea of parting with me yet."

"But he surely can't expect that you should spend your life in that tumble-down old smuggler's cottage. Hillo! there's Rodley, skulking about like a whipped cur. We'll go on."

So the happy pair proceeded into the market, Harry holding the girl's baskets whilst she made her usual purchases, until the clock striking ten warned the young man that he was due at his office. He saw Bertha on her road home as far as the South Gate, and was hurrying across the market-place, when he caught sight of Jasper Rodley walking swiftly in the direction taken by Bertha. He stopped and watched. He saw Rodley catch the girl up just as she was disappearing beneath the archway, raise his hat, and continue by her side in spite of Bertha's evident annoyance. Harry Symonds retraced his steps so far that he could watch the progress of the pair out of the town. Suddenly, he observed Mr. Rodley attempt to put his arms round Bertha's waist, whereupon the girl struggled, got free, and ran on.

This was too much for Harry. He ran out by the gate, and, coming up to Bertha and her tormentor, said to him: "Mr. Rodley, what do you mean by daring to force your attentions where they are not wanted?"

Jasper Rodley, a tall, well-built young fellow, of about Harry's age and size, started at first; but, shoving his hands into his pockets, surveyed his questioner for a moment with disdain, and asked: "And what has that to do with you, Mr. Dismissed Bank-clerk?"

Harry was itching to thrash him on the spot; but respect for Bertha's presence induced him to bottle up his wrath as best he could, and reply: "You've no right to bother any girl if she doesn't

want to have anything to do with you. And look here—your character hereabouts isn't so high that you can afford to call other people names, so I warn you to keep a civil tongue in your head, or something might be done that you wouldn't like, and something might be said that would make you look a little small."

This last bit was added at random, but it seemed to have a strange effect upon Rodley, who turned pale for a moment, but recovered himself and retorted, "Done and said, indeed! You couldn't do much that I'm afraid of, and at any rate people couldn't say of me what they do of you. How about these sovereigns, eh?"

"Look here, Rodley. If I did my duty, I should give you a thrashing on the spot. Just be off. Miss West is betrothed to me. That's enough. Do you hear?"

Jasper Rodley walked off, with a savage scowl on his face and an imprecation on his lips.

"O Harry dear!" cried the girl, who was trembling with fright, "I'm so glad you didn't fight."

"Fight with a cur like that!" exclaimed Harry. "Men of his kidney don't fight. What has he been saying to you, my darling?"

"Oh, such terrible things, Harry! He says that he will marry me whether I like it or not—that father is in his power, and has consented; and that I had better make up my mind to give you up before it is too late."

"Why, what on earth can he mean? Your father in the power of a rascal like that—to consent to your marrying him! He's only trying to frighten you. And yet you say that you have seen him with your father. I think I shall tackle Mr. Jasper at once and make him explain his dark speeches. There's one thing—I'm not going to have him continue his tormenting of you, whether your father is in his power or not. And now, good-bye, dearest; you're safe now."

So the girl pursued her homeward road; and Harry Symonds walked rapidly back into the town. Just within the gate, he came up with Jasper Rodley. "Rodley," he said, "I'm going to the office to give an excuse for my absence. Kindly wait here until I come back, as I want to speak to you."

"If you want to speak to me, you'd better do so at once; I've other things to attend to, and I'm not going to hang about here waiting for you."

"Very well, then," said Harry; "let's

go where people can't remark us. Here, we'll turn on to the ramparts."

So they went along the pleasant walk which ran upon what had been, in old, stirring times, the walls of Saint Quinians, a broad path, bounded by shrubs and trees on one side, and by the deep, stony ditch on the other.

"I want an explanation from you," said Harry, "about what you have just said to Miss West concerning her father being in your power and your determination to marry her."

"That's easily given," replied Rodley. "At a word from me, old Captain West could be ruined and disgraced. I'm as much in love with Bertha—"

"Miss West, if you please."

"I said 'Bertha,' and I repeat it," continued Rodley. "I'm as much in love with her as you are, and I intend to marry her. If I can't marry her, I ruin her father."

"How can you ruin him?"

"It's very likely I should tell you—isn't it?" answered Rodley with a sneer.

"I intend to find out."

"Very well then, find out," retorted Rodley. "And now I must be off."

"You don't go until I have an explanation," cried Harry. "I don't believe a word of what you say, and I believe you are only trying to terrify the poor girl into submission."

"Come now, Symonds, don't be a fool; we're men of the world, and it's time we understood one another. I tell you once and for all, if Bertha West does not marry me, I'll have her father up in the felon's dock. There; I've said more than I intended, so good-morning."

He endeavored to push past Harry; but the latter barred the way, saying: "You'll have poor old Captain West up as a felon! Why, man, you're mad! A simple old man like that, who never stirs beyond his garden, who never said an evil thing of any one, much less did a wrong to any one! Come, be more explicit."

"I've said more than I intended," continued Rodley; "and you don't get another word out of me."

Again he tried to get past Harry, and again Harry prevented him, saying: "Neither of us shall budge from here until I find out more about this."

Rodley made a desperate effort to get past Harry. The two men struggled together, and as they were evenly matched in weight and strength, the issue was doubtful. Suddenly, Rodley loosened his

hold of Harry's arms, stooped, caught him by the legs, and jerked him over the steep side of the rampart. Harry fell heavily, struck a projecting mass of stone half-way down, and rolled amongst the sharp stones and rubbish at the bottom, where he lay motionless and bleeding. Rodley did not stop to look after him, but walked rapidly back into the town.

CHAPTER II.

AROUND a roaring fire in a little, lone, beetle-browed inn which stood by the sea about six miles from Saint Quinians, known as the Lobster, were assembled one evening, about a week after the events recorded in the last chapter, some half-dozen men, whose apparel and appearance proclaimed them fisher-folk. They were sitting simply smoking and drinking, not speaking, for it may be noted that men whose lives are spent in one continual struggle with danger and death are generally silent. It was a wild, wet evening, although it was April, and the great waves were tumbling on the rocky shore with a booming which never ceased, and which was audible above the roar of the wind and the rattle of the rain against the rickety casements, so that the assembly was not a little astonished to hear the voice of the landlord talking with a stranger, and presently to see a tall man, clad from head to foot in waterproofs, enter. All eyes were instantly fixed on him in a suspicious sort of manner, and more than one man rose, for in these days, coastfolk enjoyed almost as little peace on land as at sea, as preventive men were continually poking about in search of smugglers, and the pressgang was hard at work collecting hands for his Majesty's ships. But as the new comer was alone, and saluted them with a good-evening as he divested himself of his reeking overalls, their momentary alarm seemed to subside, and they made a space for him in the circle round the fire.

The visitor, who was no other than Jasper Rodley, ordered a stiff tumbler of grog and a new pipe, took his seat, and gazed intently at the leaping flames for some moments without speaking. "It's a wretched evening for a walk," he said presently; a remark which elicited a gruff murmur of assent from the circle; "and the road from Saint Quinians is as hard to follow as the course between Deadland Shoal and the Painter Buoy," he continued. He was evidently a sailor, so that eyes were again fixed on him with something of the original suspicion.

There was another pause, during which pipes were puffed vigorously and more than one mug emptied.

Jasper Rodley broke the silence. "Doesn't a Captain West live somewhere hereabouts?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied a man. "Can't mistake the house — a long white un, standing in a bit o' garden with a flagstaff in it, about two miles towards the town."

"Strange sort of man, isn't he?" asked Rodley.

"Well, sir, he's strange in some things; but nobody don't know any harm of him," replied the man; "'cos it's precious little folk see of him."

"Said to be very rich, isn't he?" asked Rodley.

This question brought the eyes of the party to bear again upon the speaker, the problem troubling the rude minds being: "If this chap wants to see the captain, and hails from Saint Quinians, why on earth does he go two miles farther than he need?" Mental conclusion arrived at — stranger up to no good.

"Well, no, mate," replied the man to Rodley's question; "he ain't what you'd call rich, not by no means, seein' that he's only a half-pay captain. But he's been richer durin' this last four year than he wur afore."

"Lives all alone with his daughter, doesn't he?" continued Rodley.

Mental conclusion previously arrived at by the party is confirmed.

"Yes," replied the man who acted as spokesman; "lives with Miss Bertha, the cap'en do. She's a proper quean, she is. Purtiest slip of a lass in these parts by a long way. But the cap'n he keeps her uncommon close; can't a-bear her to be out of his sight; and when she goes into town a-marketin' on Wednesdays, we says it's about all the life she sees."

Another silence ensued, during which the half-dozen pairs of eyes were taking stock of Rodley sideways, and endeavoring to solve the problem of his intentions from his dress and appearance.

At length Rodley said: "Wasn't there a lugger wrecked off here about four years ago called the Fancy Lass?"

"Nobody heard of it," replied the spokesman. "There was a lugger of that name left Saint Quinians about four years ago; but she warn't never heard of no more; and bein' a smuggler that ain't surprisin'."

"I thought some bodies were washed ashore by the Locket Rock about that time," observed Rodley.

"There's a sight o' poor chaps washed ashore hereabouts every gale," replied the man. "'Tain't possible allus to say who they be or where they come from. Saint Quinians's churchyard is full on 'em."

Not another word was spoken for at least twenty minutes. At the expiration of that time, Rodley rose, went to the door, looked out, remarked that the rain had stopped, put on his overalls, paid his reckoning, wished the company good-night, and went out into the darkness.

"Didn't get much information out of these chaps!" he muttered as he pulled his hat down over his face against the driving wind and retraced his steps towards the captain's house. What with battling against the wind and stumbling about the uneven road in the dark, it was an hour before the solitary light in the captain's house met Rodley's gaze. He crossed the small garden and knocked.

Bertha opened the door, and asked timidly: "Who is it?"

"I — Jasper Rodley," was the reply.

She uttered a cry of alarm, and would have shut the door, but that Rodley had placed his foot in the opening. The captain, hearing his daughter's cry, came hobbling along the passage hastily. When he beheld Rodley, a cloud came over his face, and he said: "Hillo, mate, what is it at this time o' night?"

"I want a bed for to-night, and a few words with you, captain," said Rodley, who by this time was fairly inside the house, and coolly taking his hat and coat off.

"But I've no room here. There's an inn farther down, where they'll put you up better than we can."

"I'm a sailor, captain," replied Rodley, "and I don't mind where I shake down; that's of no consequence, but the talk is."

The captain, who seemed to treat his evidently unwelcome visitor with a kind of deference, shrugged his shoulders, and led the way into the sitting-room, where the remains of a substantial meal graced the table. Jasper Rodley made himself very comfortable in an armchair; the captain, who was the wreck of a fine man, and who, being lame from a recent accident, used a stick, remained standing as if uncertain how to proceed next; whilst poor Bertha stood, trembling with fright, by the door.

"Captain," said the visitor, "isn't ten o'clock the usual time for young ladies to go to bed?"

At this hint, the old man made a signal to his daughter, who retired.

"Now then," continued Rodley, "let's to business."

"I'm not aware that I have any business with you," said the captain.

"Well, you'll soon have some with me. Look here. We're men of the world, and we must understand each other. I've only met you twice before; each time you were coming from the same place, and each time you were astonished, in fact, alarmed, at seeing me."

"Well, sir, and what of that?" asked the old sailor. "Here am I, an old East India Company's skipper, living in a lonely place, where I don't see half-a-dozen people in the course of a month. You came upon me suddenly, just when it was getting dark, and I was naturally startled."

"O no; that's not it," continued Rodley. "But we'll leave that for a bit. First of all, I'm head over heels in love with your daughter."

"I'm sorry for it."

"And I intend to marry her," continued his visitor.

"That depends firstly whether she will have you, which I very much doubt," said the captain; "and secondly upon whether I let her go, which I also doubt."

"So you think," sneered Rodley. "Now, then, to the other matter. Four years ago, you were a poor man."

"So I am now," retorted the captain.

"O no; you're very well off; your private bank is safe enough."

The captain fidgeted uneasily in his chair at this.

"You see, I know more than you think," said Rodley; and bending over and speaking in a lower tone of voice, he added: "Is it not a little curious that you should have come into your fortune about the same time that the Fancy Lass was wrecked about a hundred yards from your house?"

The poor old captain's amazement and perplexity culminated here in a start which sent his pipe flying from his hand. "Why, how do you know? Who told you?" gasped the old man. "Not a soul escaped from her."

Jasper Rodley looked searchingly at him for a moment, and said: "Perhaps not. That's got nothing to do with what we are talking about."

"And the boat went to pieces," added the captain.

"You're almost as well up in the subject as I am," said Rodley. "But she was wrecked on Sherringham Shoal, and went to pieces on the Locket Rock."

"Well?" asked the captain.

"And her cargo — valuable cargo it was," continued Rodley, actually smiling with enjoyment at the misery he was causing — "her cargo was recovered."

The old man rose and hobbled about the room in a state of pitiable agony. "How do you know?" he asked desperately.

"The last time I met you," replied Rodley, "you were so startled that you dropped something — this." He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a sovereign.

"What do you infer from that?"

"Why, what's the use of asking me what I infer? What's the most natural inference I should draw?"

The captain resumed his seat, and was silent for some minutes. In the mean while, Rodley filled another pipe and mixed himself a glass of grog.

At length the old man said: "I understand the case to be this. You want to marry my daughter. If I refuse, you'll —"

"I will expose you as having taken property which does not belong to you," replied Rodley.

"You must prove it," cried the captain. "Why shouldn't I keep my money where I think fit? This is a lonely house, in a dangerous neighborhood; the folk all about are desperate men — wreckers, smugglers, old privateersmen, escaped pressed-men — men who, if they thought I kept money and valuables on the premises, would not hesitate to rob me; and what could we, a lame old man and a young girl, do to protect ourselves?"

"I can prove it," continued Rodley quietly. "But I'm not such a fool as to tell you how I can prove it. Look here; we need not waste words over it. You are in my power; you cannot escape. The price I put upon keeping silence upon a matter which would bring you into the felon's dock, is the hand of your daughter Bertha. I give you a week to decide, for the matter presses, and I do not intend to remain longer than I can help at Saint Quinians."

"Then you would take my Bertha far away from me!" exclaimed the old man in horror.

"Not necessarily; my business is on the sea. When I am away, she would remain with you. It would comfort you, and relieve me of the expense of keeping up an establishment, and would thus be an agreeable arrangement for both parties. Is that a bargain?"

The old man bowed his head.

"Mind," said Rodley, smiling, as he rose to go to bed, "I shall keep strict watch on the — on the bank!"

CHAPTER III.

AFTER a sleepless night of suspense and dread, Bertha, who was always up first in the little household, lingered in her room until long after her usual time, not daring to descend, for fear of meeting Jasper Rodley, and only did so at the personal summons of her father, who assured her that their visitor had gone.

Contrary to his usual habit, the captain was silent during breakfast; and the girl's heart, which had been brightened partly by the departure of Jasper Rodley, and partly by the thought that it was Wednesday, interpreted the silence of her father as ominous. After breakfast, she began to prepare as usual for her weekly visit to Saint Quinians's market.

"Bertha," said her father, who had lighted his pipe and was stumping up and down the room, "don't hurry to-day. An hour or so cannot make much difference. I want to speak to you."

Pale and trembling, the girl took her seat at the open window, through which streamed the early sunshine.

"Jasper Rodley was talking to me for a long time last night," continued the old man. "I think he is a nice young fellow, and I am sure you have made an impression on him."

Another person better versed in the art of approaching a delicate subject would have chosen a more circuitous mode of procedure; but the simple, blunt old sailor knew very little about conversational wile and artifice, and could only go straight to the point.

Bertha did not answer, but sat motionless, with her eyes fixed on the shining rocks and the tumbling sea beyond.

So her father continued: "And I don't think you could do better, in case he should make any proposal to you about — about marriage, than accept him. In fact, it is my wish that you should do so."

Bertha remained silent for some moments; then she moved from her seat, placed herself on the stool by her father's side, took his hand in hers, and said: "Father, my dearest wish is to please you and to do all that you wish. I have but one other friend in the world besides you, and no other relation. You have been the best of fathers to me, and I have tried to be a good daughter to you; but I cannot, oh, I cannot obey you in this!"

"But, my lass," continued the old man,

who was evidently moved by the earnest manner in which the girl spoke, "Jasper Rodley is a man of a thousand — good-looking, of respectable birth, and doing well. He would make you happy, and another important thing — he would not take you from me."

"Oh, it is not that, father — no, no!" exclaimed the girl.

"But you must have some reason for not liking him?"

"Yes; I have the best of reasons, father. In the first place, you know very little about him, or you could not speak so highly of him as you do. He is a man of doubtful character, as you may find out by asking any one in Saint Quinians. In the second place, I — I don't love him, and could never get to love him, or even like him. And in the third place —"

"Well, lass, well?"

"In the third place, I am betrothed to another."

"Betrothed to another!" exclaimed her father in amazement. "Why, that is impossible! You never see any one; no one ever comes here; and I cannot believe that all this time you have been deceiving me by carrying on a secret acquaintance, when you have so often protested that you live for me, and me only."

"I have never dared tell you, father," cried the girl. "But it is a weight off my mind, now that you know. And, father, remember that I am not a child, and that, fond as I am of you and the old home, I could not go through life without some love of another kind than that I feel for you."

Bertha had never spoken to her father in this style before, and the old man looked at her with mingled astonishment and reproach. Then he said: "Bertha, I have particular reasons for wishing you to marry Jasper Rodley: I am in his power."

The girl recalled what Rodley had said to her on the previous Wednesday, and knew now that there was a mystery in which her father and Rodley were involved, a mystery which instinctively filled her with dread that, during all these years of peace and quiet, something had been enacted between them which had been carefully kept from her, and that the interview of the previous evening was but the climax of a long-gathering storm. Many little changes in her father's manner and habits during the past four years had mystified her; now they were partially accounted for, and yet, to her recollection,

she had never seen Jasper Rodley before the present month.

"In his power, father!" she exclaimed.

"How can you be in his power?"

"That I cannot even tell you, my loved one."

"If you went out into the world, and had business dealings with other men, I could perhaps understand that you, being so simple and good-minded, might be drawn into the power of bad men, father," cried Bertha. "But you see none but me; you get no letters; you never go even into Saint Quinians, and yet you are in the power of a stranger!"

The old man shook his head, and continued: "It is kind of you, Bertha, to say that I am good-minded; but I am a rogue."

"You a rogue — my own, good, dear father!" exclaimed the girl. "No, no! Were a hundred Rodleys to swear on their knees that you were a rogue, I would tell them they lied!"

"Yet, it is true, lass," said the old man sadly; "and it is to save me from the consequences of being a rogue, that I ask you to accept Jasper Rodley's offer of marriage. You have a week in which to decide."

"A week! Seven short days!" cried his daughter, springing from her seat. "But there is time. I must go, father, now; don't keep me, for every minute is of value."

The old man would have said something; but she hurried from the room, and in a few minutes had started.

Never before had the four miles between home and Saint Quinians seemed so long to Bertha; never before had she trod the familiar road unmindful of the beauties of nature around her, and on this April morning nature was very beautiful; but she had no eyes for the majestic green waves splintering into clouds of spray on the shining rocks, for the white-winged birds riding on the swell, for the sweet-scented herbage, or the blue sky glimmering between the dark branches of the pines. Simply she gazed on the gray-walled, red-roofed old town ahead of her, at the entrance of which some one would be waiting to greet her with open arms and glad smile. And her heart felt a little sinking as she gained the sandy eminence whence she generally got a first sight of his figure coming to meet her, and saw no one. She was later than usual, certainly; but he would have waited for her, she felt assured. He was not under the archway, nor coming up the street

from the market-place; nor, when she arrived at the market-place, could she descry him anywhere.

"Ah, Miss Bertha!" said one of her market friends. "And how's the poor young gentleman gettin' on?"

"The poor young gentleman!" repeated Bertha. "Why, Mrs. Hardingson, who do you mean?"

"Why, who should I mean but Mr. Symonds! Sure-ly you've heard of his a-bein' picked out of the South Fossy, half-dead, and —"

Bertha almost dropped her baskets, and her blood ran cold within her; then, without waiting to hear further details, she hurried away to the office in which Harry was. The head partner received her with the utmost urbanity, and corroborated what the market-woman had said, stating, that when Harry did not appear at the office at the usual hour, a messenger was sent to his lodgings, who returned with the answer that nothing was known about him. Later in the day he was found lying insensible in the Old Town Ditch. The gentleman added, that although Harry had had a narrow escape, he was out of danger.

From the office, Bertha went to her lover's lodgings. The servant told her that Harry was in bed, very weak and excitable, but that the doctor spoke hopefully.

She sent him up a long written message, reproaching him with having kept the facts from her, and bidding him lose no precautions for getting better, as she had urgent need of him, but avoiding all direct allusion to what had taken place at home. A painfully scrawled answer came back to her to the effect that the doctor had assured him that within a week he ought to be able to get out, and sending her all sorts of loving messages.

Brief as all this is to tell, Bertha found that she had spent nearly two hours since her arrival in the town in finding out about Harry, so that, when she turned again into the market-place to begin her purchases, it was the usual hour when she was due at home; and by the time she had finished, the church bells were chiming three o'clock. As she turned out of the arch on to the homeward road, she felt bewildered and upset by the events of the past few hours as she had never felt before, and the central figure in the midst of her mental confusion was that of Jasper Rodley. Instinctively, she associated him with what had happened to Harry. All the circumstances pointed to him as being the author of the harm —

the anger in which the two young men had parted, Harry's avowed intention of getting an explanation from Rodley, and the discovery of the former in the Town Ditch a few hours later. To such an extent were her feelings worked up, that she dreaded arriving at home, for fear that Jasper Rodley should be there to meet her and to push his suit; and so, resolving to linger as long as possible, she turned from the direct road over the sandhills, and struck into a more devious path, which led amongst the rocks on the edge of the sea.

So busy was she communing with herself that she did not observe the tide, which she imagined was receding, to be rising fast, and had proceeded for two miles before she noticed that she was cut off from the sandhills by a broad, deep, rapidly increasing sheet of troubled water. For a moment she hesitated, yet not from fear, for familiarity since early childhood with rocks and tides had saved her more than once from a similar predicament, and had made her an expert in rock-scrambling, but from the fact that her absence of mind had caused her to miss the right path. However, she quickly decided; and in spite of being heavily handicapped by the burden of two baskets, struck straight up a ledge of fantastic rock which, she seemed to remember, communicated even at high tide with the shore. But to her horror and dismay, when she arrived at the summit, she beheld a fast-running, angry current separating her from the sand, upon which, not a quarter of a mile away, stood her father's house. There was nothing to be done but to make for the rocks which towered above her on her right hand, and which she could see were never touched by the waves. Once up there, and she was safe; but the getting there was a problem even for her with her youthful strength and activity. As the rising water was already lapping at her heels and would advance to a level some inches above her head, there was no time for delay. Before starting, she shouted, in order to attract the attention of some one in the house; but the wind was blowing in her teeth, and she knew that she would need all her breath for the climb before her.

It was a quarter of an hour's race with the tide. At each one of Bertha's upward steps, the green water seemed to make a step. More than once she slipped back, and was over her ankles in water; but at length she reached her haven, and sank down on a table of dry rock, utterly ex-

hausted, her hands torn and bleeding, her dress in tatters and drenched with water, safe from a fearful death, but face to face with the prospect of having to pass long, dark hours in a wild, desolate spot, and at the risk of being discovered by some of the lawless characters who made the rocks their homes, their castles, and their store-houses.

It was some time before she was sufficiently recovered to examine her place of refuge. When she did so, she found that she was on the very edge of one steep cliff, and at the foot of another as high, but not so accessible. She was well above the water, for, clinging to the sides of the cliff and springing up between the clefts of the rocks, were thick, stunted bushes, and even here and there the tinted head of a hardy flower. But suddenly her attention was drawn from the geography of her surroundings to the mark of a boot on the patch of bright sand behind the rock. A tremor seized her at first, for she imagined that she must have chosen a smugglers' haunt as her place of refuge; but her fear turned into joy when she noticed that there was but the impression of a left foot, and that the spot the right foot would have occupied was marked by a hole such as the ferrule of a thick stick would make, and she knew that the traces were those of her father. The marks came up from below, and stopped abruptly at a thick bush. Something prompted the girl to stir this bush with her foot, and, to her surprise, it came away in a mass, and displayed an orifice in the rock just large enough to admit of one man passing. Her curiosity was now aroused, and overruling all considerations concerning her personal safety, and the advisability of getting home as soon as possible, she entered the opening, and found herself in a tolerably large cavern, the sandy floor of which was covered with marks corresponding to those outside, but which were especially numerous about a large, round stone which, from its dissimilarity to the material of the cavern, seemed to have been brought from the beach below. Exerting all her strength, she moved the stone, and staggered back with an expression of amazement. On a wooden shelf placed in a hollow she beheld a dozen canvas bags, which, when she lifted them, clinked with the unmistakable sound of coin. But what startled her even more than the discovery itself was that each bag bore upon it, in half-effaced letters, the words, "Faraday & Co., Saint Quinians."

A terrible light now broke upon her.

Faraday & Co. were the bankers in whose employ Harry Symonds had been when they were robbed four years previously of three thousand pounds in sovereigns; and she too well understood now what her father meant when he called himself a rogue, and what was the nature of the influence which Jasper Rodley had over him. She stood for some moments irresolute, sick at heart, her brain in a whirl, and every limb trembling. How should she act? Nothing that she could do would remove the fact that during the past four years her father had been making use of coin which belonged to other people, although, by taking the money away, she could screen him from the public shame of having it in his possession. Oh, she thought, if Harry could be with her but for five minutes to decide for her!

Daylight was fast fading away, so that every moment was of value. She decided that she would get home as soon as possible, tell her father of her discovery, persuade him to return the money to the bankers, making up the deficit which he had used, and informing them how and where he had found it. If this could be done without attracting the notice of Jasper Rodley, she might defy him to do his worst, and clear her father of all suspicion. So she replaced the stone, covered up the entrance to the cave with the bush, and followed the marks on the thin sand-path, which, to her joy led, over a ridge of rocks hitherto invisible to her, to the shore. Scarcely had she passed along, when the figure of Jasper Rodley rose from behind a rock close by the cavern entrance, his eyes bright with malignant satisfaction at having watched all her movements unseen.

Bertha found her father in a terrible state of anxiety, and she had to explain how she had been overtaken by the tide on her homeward journey, before she could broach the topic uppermost in her mind; and then, just as she was about to tell the captain of her discovery, Mr. Jasper Rodley walked into the room, and announced his intention of staying the night, so that she would have no opportunity of speaking to her father in private until the next day.

From The Scottish Review.

FALLACIES OF READING-LISTS.

IT is an exceedingly significant fact that not only the reading public in gen-

eral, but people of high intellectual standing, should lately have been thrown into excitement over the enumeration of a hundred of the books best worth studying, made by a leader of scientific thought, and submitted in the first instance to a Working Men's College. It is a clear sign of the times, and deserves to be carefully pondered.

This much, at the outset, may be frankly admitted. If any useful purpose could possibly be served by such an enumeration, there are few Englishmen more competent to perform the task than Sir John Lubbock, and (judging from recent experience) no list is, on the whole, likely to be more satisfactory than that which he himself has supplied.* There are glaring omissions in it indeed, and the arrangement of materials is extremely irritating to the sensitive classifier; but given the limit of a hundred and the necessity of confining the attention to non-living writers and to general culture, one cannot fail to have a certain sympathy with those distinguished authors who have refused to tamper with it or to improve upon it.

But what if we dispute the utility of the process altogether? and what if we cannot see the slightest necessity for it? What, above all, if we find it confusing and misleading, and more likely to do harm than good? This is the position that we deliberately take up, and in defence of which the following observations are offered. It is possible, no doubt, to give with some advantage general counsel as to the kind of books most profitable to be studied. We may legitimately draw a distinction between nourishing and degrading literature, and between writings that simply please or excite and such as also instruct; and on these distinctions we may base certain general precepts, which at any rate would meet with the approbation of the moralist. But the really valuable help is not in connection with the question, "What to read?" but in connection with the question, "How to read?" and unless you be prepared to submit the first of these questions for settlement to the special teacher in each branch of study, there is no possibility of dealing adequately with it from the general point of view.

One is indeed surprised that this has not been clearly apprehended. So self-evident is it to any one dealing with the laws of intellectual growth, and looking at the matter from the practical standpoint,

that the wonder is how Sir John Lubbock and the educationists who have supported him in the *Pall Mall Gazette* should have failed to see it. There is clearly a logical confusion somewhere, and the sooner this logical confusion is dispelled the better.

Our position is, that reading-lists are essentially fallacious, and it now becomes our duty to say somewhat in support of this contention, albeit very briefly.

1. Aristotle counselled us of old that in all practical matters the great thing is to look to the end; and, as study is pre-eminently a practical affair, we should naturally suppose that those who stand forth to advise us on the subject would have made it their first concern to limit and determine this end. But judging from the lists that have just appeared, nothing seems to have been further from their thoughts. Indeed, the idea that seems to have possessed them (one and all) is, that reading is an unambiguous operation, and that nobody needs to have the term explicated. Nothing could be more mistaken. People read from a variety of motives,—to kill time, to derive pleasure, to refresh the brain, to receive instruction, etc.; but there is a twofold end in serious reading to which all the others are subordinate, and with which some of them are inconsistent, and Bacon has in part caught it: "not to contradict and confute," says he, "nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider." Put more fully, If reading is to be anything more than either a pastime or a dissipation of mental energy, it must effect a double purpose,—it must exercise the intellect and it must conduce to the formation of character. Now, many books do neither. They are either so frivolous or so "twaddly" that neither intellect nor character is helped by them; or they are so gross, even when extremely clever, that while they sharpen the intellect they undermine the character. Of the former kind, none are included in the printed lists already referred to; but it would not be difficult to pick out examples of the latter kind from several of them. "Tom Jones," for instance, is recommended more than once. Well, we can speak only for ourselves; but we must say, without any affectation, that we have thrice essayed to read "Tom Jones" through, and thrice have failed.

But, altogether apart from this, reading-lists, even those that are most carefully selected, are entirely wanting in correct proportion. Their authors seem not to

* See *Contemporary Review*, February, 1886, p. 251.

understand the relation between character and knowledge, and they set down their books in a heterogeneous kind of way, anything but calculated to be helpful to any conceivable user. Thus, in Sir John Lubbock's list, character is distinctly represented in a very brief section, under the heading "Non-Christian Moralists;" while "Classics," which is presumably intellectual, has a list of authors considerably longer.* Yet the leading authors in each section might fitly enough exchange places. The "Ethics" of Aristotle, for instance, is classical as well as moral; while Aristotle's "Politics" is moral no less than classical. Plato's "Phædo," again, and Plato's "Republic" have as good a right to be located under the first heading as under any other; and the three works of Cicero specially selected (viz., *De Officiis*, *De Amicitia*, *De Senectute*), are notoriously moral. We need not pursue the list further; it exemplifies throughout what we are condemning, and its defects in this respect are obvious. But let us suppose (no small supposition certainly) that a man has studied the whole of the books recommended, and then let us ask what is the likely result — (1) On his character, and (2) On his intellect? We are afraid it would tax the maker of the list himself to give even a plausible answer.

2. But, next, all mental training and all training of character is progressive. It is a well-ascertained psychological fact that the mind grows and grows by exercise; and the work of the educationist is to lead it on step by step, from the simple to the complex, by means of a well-graduated curriculum or course.

Brought face to face with a reading-list, we necessarily ask the question, "To whom is it addressed? for whom is it intended?" And as, obviously, no list of any pretension is addressed to mere beginners, but presupposes in those that use it some knowledge of the subjects referred to, we demand further, "*How much* knowledge is pre-supposed, and in what departments?" Unless these questions are explicitly answered, no prescription of books can be of any profit; the list-former is, of necessity, "as one that beateth the air."

* It ought to be mentioned that no headings are distinctly given by Sir John Lubbock himself in his printed list in the *Contemporary Review*; but they are used in the body of his lecture, and are substantially those that appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the month of January. It is not to this, we presume, that he refers in his footnote — "the lists which have been given in some papers were not complete or correct."

Now let us turn to Sir John Lubbock's list, and see how this is managed. Looking over the various headings — morality, theology and devotion, classics, poetry (ancient and modern), history, philosophy, travels, general literature, and modern fiction, — we are appalled by the thought that the student must be already a most erudite individual — a coryphæus in learning — ere ever he comes in contact with the list at all, — a man, in short, who must at least have already done as great a feat as reading the books and mastering the languages that are here recommended. For it would surely be absurd to recommend Plato and Aristotle, Homer and Æschylus, Horace and Cicero and Virgil to a mere novice; and neither Bacon's "*Novum Organum*," nor Mill's "*Logic*," nor Darwin's "*Origin of Species*," nor Descartes's "*Discourse on Method*," is precisely the book that we should offer as babe's meat to the incipient philosopher. But if this be so, of what use is the reading-list? We are inevitably landed in a dilemma. Either we are giving counsel to those who do not require it, seeing they have already advanced beyond leading-strings; or we have failed to reach those that look to us for advice, because we have not first ascertained their stage of progress.

Obviously, we must fix in our minds the kind of persons we intend to help, and stick to them; or else surrender the functions of a helper altogether. If we are addressing ourselves to intelligent working men, whose primary education has not gone far, but who are willing and anxious for further self-culture, then we must begin low down in the scale, and advance very cautiously, not at the utmost perhaps to any great distance. If, on the other hand, those whom we advise are people who have had a very good secondary education, but who lack the benefit of a university training, we may start from a considerably higher point than we could in the former case, and continue our prescription much farther. The highest start of all may be made with well-educated men, having time, opportunity, and talent at command; and only the nature of the subjects themselves need place limits to the height we may go.

Let us exemplify in a course of philosophical reading. There is no use telling a plain working man to begin with Plato, or Aristotle, or Bacon, or Mill. These are, one and all, by the very supposition as yet beyond his comprehension. We must counsel him to take the most ele-

mentary book in logic we can find (provided always it be a satisfactory one), and the most lucid outline of psychology (with the same proviso); and only after he has mastered these, need we refer him to something more advanced. And not even to the more advanced student must we prescribe the higher works and higher problems in philosophy till we are assured that he has been thoroughly drilled in, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with, the easier and more comprehensible. It is a nice question when Kant and Hegel should be introduced; and such stiff English works as those of the late Professor Green are certainly not to be overtaken too early.

But, besides the necessity of graduating the books prescribed, it is necessary also to graduate the subjects to be taught. In mental science, as everywhere else, the fundamental should lead up to the derived. In which case logic, as being the general organon of philosophy, should come first; psychology, or the science of mind proper, would follow; and the last place would be reserved for ethics, — presupposing, as it does, logical method and psychological doctrines. For let us take ethics, and see how dependent it is on psychology. In the first place, the *methods* of the two sciences are identical; they are both introspective sciences and both help out introspection by means of objective observation. It is customary, indeed, to define ethics as dealing with the "ought" and not with the "is" of human character. And, no doubt, the subject-matter of ethical investigation is human character and human conduct *as they should be*, not simply *as we actually find them*. Nevertheless, as the ideal, in order to be of any true value, must be founded on the real, the starting-point for all ethical speculation must be human nature as it falls actually within our ken. We must analyze and study the "is" before we can safely proceed to the "ought to be," and however wide a sweep our speculation may take, it must both start from and hope to return again to actual experience. In the next place, psychological laws hold sway, to a very large extent, in ethics; and, without a knowledge of these, moral phenomena must appear an utter chaos. Take, for example, the doctrine of habits. Nothing is more fundamental in ethical science than this; yet we have here but the application of contiguity and similarity to moral data; and, though the matter or content is peculiar, the laws themselves are precisely those of mental association in gen-

eral. Again, we take moral sympathy; and how are you to explain this except as a particular form of the fixed idea? Once more, we take the law of transference — by which is meant the tendency to associate pleasures and pains with their adjuncts or their causes, as when the miser hugs his money-bags, or the rescued sailor cherishes the log that saved his life, or when the invalid contracts a dislike to the physician who cured him by some drastic process; and what is this but psychological association over again? Ethics reposes on psychology, and no proper ethical training is possible until first there has been a thorough training in psychology; and if you proceed to recommend to the untutored ethical student (of whatever age) this work and that work in moral philosophy, apart from any consideration of what study in mental science has gone before, you simply do your best to check his philosophical progress, and in all likelihood you will succeed in rendering him unfit for philosophical investigation altogether.

We might equally exemplify from literature or from science.

To "lisp in numbers," is undoubtedly not the common heritage of mankind. Hence prose literature precedes poetry. But, even in each branch of literature, there is need for a strict adherence to the rule — to proceed from the elementary to the complex, from the easily understood to the more difficult. To prescribe a course of prose reading, for instance, without first providing for an education in general composition or style, cannot be other than fatal; and to prescribe authors without any regard to their special difficulties and peculiarities, is the surest way to frustrate the end of literary instruction.

In science, in like manner, there is an obvious order in training — both within each science, and also in relation to the sciences taken as a hierarchy of disciplines. Even the ancients had their *trivium* and their *quadrivium*; and in old Roman days, and, later still, in mediæval times, students proceeded through grammar, rhetoric, and logic, to arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy. Proper consecution of subjects, and strict regard to order in the study of each, were indispensable *then*; how much more indispensable are they *now*! The objective sciences alone, the sciences that deal with outward nature, count for more to us than all the circle of the sciences did to a mediævalist; and if method was the

great thing that enabled a man to grasp knowledge and to benefit by it in the days of Aquinas, method is the thing that will alone enable a man to grasp and to retain knowledge at the present day — when science has so vastly increased, and all our energies are needed to keep pace with ever-accumulating discoveries.

3. But now, if it is necessary to attend to the growth and progressive development of the mind in prescribing books for study, it is equally necessary to pay attention to the fact of special aptitudes, tastes, and likings.

It is unquestioned that mental capacity and mental power are not alike in all. Nothing, indeed, is more patent to the general observation than that different people have different abilities, and that the sphere where one man will shine is by no means that which is fitted for another. Two students, let us say, are studying history. It is found that one advances daily, the other makes but little way. But substitute poetry for history, and the order is reversed. He who took most readily to history is found to be least appreciative of poetry, and he who is at home in poetry to have the dullest apprehension of history. It is, at bottom, a difference in mental aptitude. Whoever takes naturally to history is, as a rule, naturally endowed with a good memory; whoever takes naturally to poetry is distinguished by finer feelings and tenderer sensibilities — is, in a word, more emotional.

Now, where is this recognized in the reading-lists? So far as we can find, nowhere. It is simply treated as though it were not; and the utility and advisability of such lists is thereby discredited.

4. But a point of not less interest now occurs. The lists, it may be said, are constructed only with a view to being helpful in recommending one or two good books in each of the departments recognized; they do not, and they cannot prove a full guide in any department. If that be so, this immediately raises the question of the propriety of superseding earlier writings by later ones. If you simply aim at supplying a good book, on a particular subject, to a man with limited time at his disposal and with limited opportunities, then surely it becomes incumbent on you to see that the book be the most modern (except you be dealing with classics) and the most trustworthy that you can possibly obtain. We should think little of a naturalist who prescribed to the inquirer the "Natural History" of Aristotle, or

the writings of Pliny the Elder; we should even think that he was not a very satisfactory adviser if he adduced Linnæus or Cuvier. We expect him, above all things, to be up to date; and if he did not refer us to a work which, while accurate and authoritative, contains also the most recent information, we should refuse to accord him our heartiest thanks. So, too, we expect of the botanist something more than a reference to Jussieu and De Candolle, to Ray or to Lindley. If our spare time is scant, we desire to make the most of our leisure moments; and, as the majority of us do not live a hermit life, but mix more or less in society and move about in the world, we wish our knowledge to be such as to show an intelligent appreciation of what is going on around us, and not simply the old-world erudition which might have been in place hundreds or perhaps thousands of years ago.

Well, how do the reading-lists meet this desideratum? We must certainly say that they do, one and all, to a very great extent smack of antiquity. Even Sir John Lubbock's list has (*mirabile dictu!*) no section devoted to science proper; and the only scientific treatise that he takes notice of is Darwin's "Origin of Species," — which curiously enough he places along with purely philosophical works, forgetting that there is only one chapter in that marvellous book that can rightfully lay claim to the title philosophical — namely, the chapter on "Instinct." But Sir John begins with morals; and he prescribes to us, as non-Christian moral writings (among others), Aristotle's "Ethics," Marcus Aurelius's "Meditations," Confucius's "Analects," and Mahomet's "Koran." Well, against Aristotle and Aurelius we have nothing to say. They are both well worthy of the place they occupy in the history of philosophy, and the day will never come when either of them will cease to be venerated and read by moralists. But surely it is a somewhat funny notion to prescribe them as writers *par excellence* for the study and guidance of the present generation. Is it really so very important, after all, that we moderns should be brought back to thinking in precisely the way that the ancients did — in mental forms altogether alien to those of the nineteenth century? Or is it that no advance has been made in ethics since the days of the Stagirite, and that here is a science that attained finality more than two thousand years ago? Neither insinuation is at all well founded; and Dr. Bain and Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor Sidgwick and

Mr. Leslie Stephen, would all have a good deal to say in the matter, if we allowed them to give full utterance to their opinions — not to mention (although somewhat more doubtfully) Dr. Martineau.

Then, let us take political economy. Sir John Lubbock gives us Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and Mill's "Political Economy." Admirable works both of them, no doubt, and well worthy of study. But is it necessary for the general student, at this time of day, to go through Adam Smith, or even a selection from him, in order to reach the desiderated knowledge? Much has been done in this department since Smith's time, and even since Mill's. We have had Cairns and a host of others working on the subject, and has not Professor Sidgwick himself given us a great economical treatise?

Then, take general philosophy; and, although we do have one or two of the greatest names in this department adduced by Sir John Lubbock — *vis.*, Bacon, Mill, Berkeley, Descartes, Locke, — yet not one of these, with the exception of Mill, is adequate to represent the tendencies of the present day. They are all great names and philosophical landmarks; but what was good in each has been taken up by later thinkers, and carried forward; and it is necessary to know their teaching, not in its crude or undeveloped form, but in its modern dress — as adapted to the circumstances and needs of the time.

Sir John Lubbock's "History" is even more remarkable. *Hume* is his great English historian — for what reason, it is impossible to conceive. There is certainly need of superseding here, and a recasting of the whole section.

But not less apparent is the need for superseding in "Poetry and General Literature." Certain names indeed stand forward, and are valuable for all time. Such are Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton — among the poets; and Addison, Macaulay, De Quincey, Carlyle — among the men of letters. But other names — such as Dryden, Pope, Southey, Gray — are only for the special student, and do not require a general recognition.

The most successful sections, as it appears to us, are those on travels, and modern fiction, although all too brief; and had the others been formed on a similar plan, they would have been less exposed to adverse criticism. The truth is, that the question of superseding seems not to have occurred either to Sir John Lubbock himself or to his friendly critics in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and yet, on the de-

termination of this question depends very much the success that is likely to attend reading-lists altogether.

5. It next occurs to ask, what about the relation between reading and languages? It is observable that in Sir John Lubbock's list, and still more in certain of the others in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a great deal of stress is laid upon classics (Greek, and Latin), and living foreign languages are partially represented — particularly, French and German. Now, without raising the question of language *versus* science as a mental discipline, one would like very much to know, Does Sir John Lubbock mean us to be proficient in all these languages? Are we required to be expert in the dead as well as in the living tongues — in all such, at any rate, as have an acknowledged literature? If so, we can only answer, "Life is short and art is long;" and Sir John himself will not object to our concluding the sentence from Hippocrates, "Opportunity is fleeting, experiment slippery, and judgment difficult."

6. Furthermore. Assume the power of reading a foreign tongue (ancient or modern), and is there not therein implied a considerable amount of knowledge of books in that tongue — an implication that of necessity dispenses with the need of any such help as reading-lists? In the very process of acquiring a language, we obtain more than a mere acquaintance with its words and grammar, its ideas, and its style; we are introduced besides to its great writers and their characteristics. Who, for instance, can learn French without at the same time hearing much about all the classical French authors — their writings, their critical peculiarities, their literary position, and so forth? Who can gain a familiarity with Latin without also being brought into contact with the leading Roman orators, historians, politicians, poets? Who that is competent to enjoy a Greek author in the original has not also at command a store of Greek knowledge, outside that particular author? Undoubtedly, the training necessary for making any great linguistic acquisition does not stop with the mere getting up of the language, but has far-reaching educative bearings; and unless these all be taken account of, you hope in vain to be helpful in guiding the studies or directing the reading of others.

There are many more observations of a similar kind that might be made bearing on this subject and pointing to the same

end. But perhaps sufficient has now been said to justify us in our conclusion, that list-making of the sort we have been examining is a wholly futile procedure, and cannot give any adequate assistance to any conceivable inquirer. We have catalogues of books in libraries indeed, and we have the selected books of great publishing firms; and each of these we can understand, for each has its obvious uses. But these general registers cannot plead utility, and they seem to us to proceed upon an entirely false conception. We fully endorse the opinion of the principal librarian of the British Museum: "You will find it difficult to guide young people (any people) in their reading by merely forming a list of good books. Literature has many branches, each of which has its 'best books.' Let a young man choose his line of study, and he will find no difficulty in discovering the best authority in it."

From All The Year Round.
THE PASSION-FLOWER OF TALVÈRE.

ONE of the most interesting pages of the story of every country is that which tells of the rise and fall of its nobility; for therein lie the romance, the annals of love and gallantry, so much more indicative of the national progress or decay than the mere record of political or diplomatic influence. "The Romance of the English Peerage" will be read with some emotion when the pages of Smollett, Hume, and Lingard are thrown aside as dry and uninviting. The romantic records of the French *noblesse* are but little known in this country. They are, nevertheless, even more replete with moving incident and thrilling love adventure than our own. Throughout the whole of France there is not a feudal castle, however gloomy and fiercely threatening in aspect, but has its legend of tenderness and love; not the daintiest little *castel*, with its quaint carvings and coquettish devices, but has its tale of frantic jealousy and bloodthirsty revenge; while others, again, amongst the old castellated mansions, frowning and forbidding as they appear, have been the scene of many an idyll. Of these last is the Château de Talvère, which stands almost at the gates of Lunéville. It is a ruinous old pile, scarcely in worse state, however, than when the two sole remaining members of the Talvère family — the fair young daughter and her aged grand-

mother — were forced to seek refuge within its gray old walls. Early youth and extreme old age, alone and unprotected, being compelled to the strictest seclusion in order to avoid the persecution which had fallen upon every individual of their race — their only aim tranquillity, their only security oblivion.

When Stanislas Leczinski was named king of Lorraine, by the favor of Louis the Fourteenth, there were a number of heads to be cut off, and a number of brave souls to be consigned to a living tomb in the dungeons of the fortress of Lunéville before he could sit comfortably on his throne. So had it fared with the Count de Talvère, who had presumed to designate King Stanislas as "minion, foreigner, and invader," and who had consequently had his head stuck high, one fine morning, on the battlements of the fort, to feed the ravens and scare the crows; while his estates and fortune served much the same purpose, feeding the parasites of the king, and scaring other patriots from their allegiance by the example of such merciless confiscation.

Of all the family of the Count de Talvère none remained but the aged countess, his mother, and the lovely Hélène, a maiden of sixteen, his only daughter. They had been suffered to remain at the château, whose domain was now confined to a small patch of orchard and garden, and from this the two unhappy inmates of the château were compelled to maintain themselves entirely. Upon such a diet as this obligation entailed, it can be no wonder that the poor old lady should have grown thinner and thinner — until at length the wood-cutters and charcoal-burners, who passed the château on their way from work, would be scared into the belief that they had beheld the ghost of that wicked Countess de Talvère, who had been executed at Bar more than half a century before. Far different, however, was the effect of the cruel edict of confiscation (which in those days always implied starvation likewise) upon the beautiful Hélène, the present sharer of all this destitution, the future heiress to all this decay. She seemed to thrive upon the scanty fare of the château. She was plump and rosy, as though she had been nurtured in luxury; merry and light-hearted, as though she had never known a sorrow; scarcely conscious of the privation amid which she was living; happy in the enjoyment of the air, the sunshine, and the flowers, and in the love and devotion of the old Countess de Talvère.

It was a sight to behold this girl of such wondrous beauty, leading at early dawn the solitary cow, on which depended the nourishment of the family at Talvère, along the narrow paths of the garden and orchard, pausing while the poor animal stayed to nibble the scanty herbage beneath the hedge, and plying with nimble fingers all the while the thread depending from the distaff fastened to her girdle, while carolling forth in the sweetest voice man ever heard some old, quaint ditty, some tender love-song of olden times, unknown to other damsels of her age, and caught from a former generation through the quavering accents of her aged grandmother. It was a sight to behold her stay now and then in her walk to caress the patient animal, while standing on tiptoe to whisper words of endearment into her ears.

And so thought the young cavalier, who was riding alone one morning at break of day to join the royal hunt, down the mossy path beside the ruined wall of the châteâu, when, attracted by the song and the tender speeches which ensued, he rose in his stirrups to gaze over the stone coping of the wall. If the refined gallant of the court of Lunéville had been startled and perplexed at the exquisite delicacy of voice and execution of the song which he had imagined to proceed from the lips of some peasant girl at her early labor, how much more was he startled and perplexed at the sight of the fantastic figure which presented itself to his gaze! Amid all the poverty and privation suffered at the châteâu, the necessity of their display in sordid attire had not yet arrived. The old countess had retained the splendid wardrobe she had owned in the days of her glory, and the sole delight of her life was in the fashioning and furbishing the quaintly cut vestments which she had worn in her own youth, to suit the face and figure of Héliène. Well might the young horseman be surprised when he saw before him this maiden of such strange beauty, attired in a costume of which he had read and heard and gazed upon in pictures, but which he had never before beheld, occupied in work familiar to his mind as connected only with the humblest drudgery of peasant life. It seemed as if some fairy apparition had suddenly risen from the earth to bewilder his senses. Everything seemed unreal and intangible in the scene,—the fresh loveliness of the little maiden, with her delicate pink and white complexion, the sparkling eyes, the rosy lips and golden

hair, the soft, sweet voice, all speaking of the warmth and power of youth and life; the costume of a bygone generation, of old age, of moth and mould, of oblivion and the grave; the occupation of the rudest poverty and toil; the dress, apart from its cut and fashion, of wealth and distinction, from the richness of the materials of which it was composed. The petticoat was of brocaded satin, the embroidered *juste-au-corps* of ruby velvet, the open robe of brocatelle; faded and out of date all might be, but without spot or blemish. All was so strange and unearthly that the fairy tales of Madame d'Aulnoy, the fashionable reading at the court of Lunéville, crowded on his memory, and for a moment he remained convinced that the beauteous form on which he gazed must of necessity be that of the princess Graciosa; that the lime blossoms which fell in thick showers from the boughs as the cow disturbed them in her slow advance, were thrown by the hand of her fairy godmother from the clouds; and that the daisies and buttercups which bent beneath the maiden's feet, were real pearls and topazes, spread on the path by the same powerful protectress.

If such were the impressions conveyed to the brain of the young cavalier, it is no wonder that he found himself suddenly transformed from Honoré de Bellegarde into Prince Percinet, for the sake of this beauteous, and no doubt heavily oppressed and captive Graciosa, held in durance vile by the wicked arts of the Duchess of Grognona.

It was some time before he recovered from the shock produced by the bright vision which had thus suddenly burst upon his sight, and there is no knowing how much longer he might have remained entranced, had it not been that the maiden, on finding the sunbeams beginning to pierce the branches of the acacia trees beneath which she stood, attempted to lead her charge towards the thicker shade of the cedar which stood at some little distance.

She started on perceiving the shadow which lay on the path in the grass before her, and then looking up and beholding the young cavalier, gave such a bound of surprise that the rope by which the cow was held slipped from her grasp, the distaff dropped from her hand, and she remained gazing as if thunderstruck at the stranger, whose head and shoulders were visible above the wall, as supported by the stirrups he stood above his tall steed, while, unable to bear that dazzling gaze,

he began to stammer out some excuse for intruding thus upon her privacy.

Honoré de Bellegarde was, for the first time in his life, attacked with timidity, and would have turned away on the instant, had not his hand just at that moment unconsciously come in contact with the little silver drinking-horn which was carried at every huntsman's belt in that day. His brain suddenly cleared, and he framed an impromptu demand to give a coloring to the apparent impertinence of which he had been guilty.

"Fair damsel, I have been out ever since the dawn, and have lost my way. Can you spare me a drop of milk to assuage my thirst?"

The perfect self-possession and innate good-breeding of the maiden caused him even more surprise than aught which had gone before. Without the smallest embarrassment she answered sweetly—one single word, it is true, but spoken audibly and with the most enchanting smile, "Volontiers, monsieur." Jumping upon a stone, she raised her arm to take the drinking-horn, and without more ado, ran to the corner of the orchard, where stood the pail wherein she had milked the cow a short while before, but which old Hubert, the sole domestic of the château, would never suffer her to raise. Having filled the dainty little vessel, she ran back again and handed it to the stranger, looking on in wonder while he drank, little dreaming that whatever had remained of common sense or presence of mind had been completely obliterated by the grace of her movement. The young man was fain to prolong the draught in order to regain sufficient mastery over himself to make the attempt he had meditated from the first, to solve the mystery of this strange existence behind the walls of the Château de Talvère, which he had passed scores of times on his hunting expeditions, and had always deemed uninhabited. But when he came to make the trial he felt that the task would have been impossible had he not been aided by the maiden herself, who, without undue boldness, and yet without the smallest reticence or disguise, told him every circumstance of her history, while he remained completely dumbfounded with astonishment. She was wondering all the while at the interest which could make him thus listen with such patience to the story of one who was to him a perfect stranger.

Count Honoré de Bellegarde did not join the royal hunt that day, but returned to Lunéville at a slow and thoughtful pace.

He returned a wiser man in the new sensations inspired in his bosom by the love which had sprung up thus without warning or preamble. His mind was tossed to and fro in a complete tempest of emotion. His instinct told him at once that this was no common adventure, no passing sentiment to be thrown aside and soon forgotten. He knew that the fair girl had spoken truth, that she was indeed of noble blood and lofty lineage in spite of her rustic surroundings; and he resolved to return next day to the Château de Talvère with a view of getting up a petition to the king for restoration of the property of the Talvères to the remaining members of the family.

But *l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*. On arriving at the palace he found, to his dismay, that the king had issued orders for the removal of the court to Nancy, according to the policy he had adopted of dividing the benefits conferred by the residence of a court, an alternate sojourn in the two great cities of his kingdom, Nancy and Lunéville possessing a royal palace in each, and changing the seat of government at certain intervals.

Everybody noticed the alteration in the temper of Honoré de Bellegarde. From the merriest youth about the court, he had grown taciturn and reserved, fleeing the company of those to whom he had been most attached, and seeking the solitude he had formerly so much detested. The courtiers rallied him on the change, and declared that he had been rattling the dice-box with disastrous effect at Lunéville; but King Stanislas, although the wisest philosopher of his day, had himself felt the attacks of the blind god too often not to recognize his wound in another, and so he said to himself, "The boy is in love; if he confide in me, I will help him in his trouble."

The hours seemed weeks to Honoré de Bellegarde, during the sojourn at Nancy, and yet, when the order for return was issued, the poor youth was assailed by every kind of pain. Would the beautiful maiden of Talvère still be found at the château? Was it not all a dream? Might not the whole affair be nothing more than a freak of some one of the madcap ladies of Lunéville, who had chosen to seek retirement and disguise in order to escape the pursuit of some unfortunate lover? There was no supposition, however foolish or impossible, that did not pass through his fevered brain during the night of his return to his old quarters in the palace at Lunéville, until at length, as the dawn

drew nigh, unable any longer to bear the state of irritation and impatience into which he had worked himself, he once more mounted his steed and set off alone to the Château de Talvère.

The morning was heavenly, the green glades through which he passed were all glistening with dew, the birds were just awakening in the branches, and the underwood was just beginning to be stirred by the wild game with which the forest abounds. His heart beat violently as he drew near to the château. The old grey turrets seemed more sad and joyless than ever, amid the gleeful awakening of nature. Not a sound was heard within the orchard, no joyous carolling greeted the ear of the youth as he listened with eager expectation. In vain he stretched himself to the utmost, as he stood upright in the stirrups and looked out from the back of his tall steed through the breach in the ruined wall, as he had done once before. He beheld no lovely girl, no fairy princess. The lime blossoms fell no more in a shower upon the ground, the daisies and the buttercups had disappeared, choked by the long grass which had been suffered to grow rank and wild beneath the trees.

For a moment did Monsieur de Bellegarde stand thus listless and inanimate, straining his sight and stretching his neck to gaze into the enclosure. The long, rambling building lay in one mass of peaks and points and bows and buttresses, surmounted with weathercocks innumerable, as is the custom with these ancient châteaux, but not a soul was visible. He looked up at each window in turn; not a human form appeared at any of the latticed panes; but with a lover's instinct, he could tell at once which was the chamber where, perhaps at that moment, was slumbering the object of his thoughts. He knew it by the rose-covered balcony and the long, trailing tendrils of the passion-flower, which, trained from the sturdy stem planted against the wall, had entwined themselves round the delicate tracery of the ironwork, whence the bright, starry blossoms drooped and swung in the breeze, now visible, now hidden from sight as the leaves were blown hither and thither in the morning air.

He was just turning away in bitter disappointment, half chilled at the silence and solitude of the place, when he was startled by a low, moaning sob, which seemed to burst from the very heart of some sorrow-stricken individual close to the spot where he was stationed. The sound came from close beneath the wall,

and he felt as if he were guilty of an act of meanness in thus intruding upon the sacred privacy of grief; so he coughed aloud, and then jerked his horse's rein so sharply that the animal snorted and made the curb chain jingle.

On the instant a shrill scream echoed through the silence of the woods, presently a light form bounded with fawn-like agility upon the moss-covered stone, and the woe-begone countenance of the fair princess Graciosa filled the hollow rent in the wall, so close to that of the bashful Prince Percinet that he blushed deep as scarlet and actually turned aside, unable to bear the burning gaze which burst so suddenly upon him. But alas for poor Graciosa! Her eyes were red with weeping, and her bosom heaved with convulsive sobs, while down her sweet face the tears were coursing each other, and trickling into the golden ringlets which hung loose upon her neck. Ah! surely that horrid Duchess Grognona had been at her wicked tricks again! It required some little effort on the part of the Count de Bellegarde, to encourage him to enquire concerning the cause of the despair by which the little maiden seemed to be thus overcome.

There was no embarrassment, no reticence in the answer which gushed out quite spontaneously amid the sobs which could not be controlled. "Ah, monsieur! what shall we do? I cannot give you any milk this morning. What will become of us? La Rouge, our dear La Rouge is dead! We have no milk to drink, and shall soon have no more bread to eat. Grand'mère is ill, and we have not a sou wherewith to buy food. Old Hubert is gone to the furnace with a barrow full of clover to sell to the superintendent's wife for her goat, and I am all alone!"

The image of her own loneliness was more than the little maiden could bear, and she burst into a paroxysm of grief, hiding her face in both her hands, while Monsieur de Bellegarde remained aghast, unprepared for the avowal of such misery as this. He felt a sore perplexity concerning the form his condolence ought to take. But as he looked round in his embarrassment, his eye was caught by the thousand blossoms of the passion-flower as they balanced to and fro in the wind, and love, lending him that readiness of resource he never refuses to his votaries, made him exclaim eagerly, —

"Nay, but, mademoiselle, it was not for milk I came this morning, but for one of the passion-flowers which blossom above

your balcony. The flower which grows in such abundance here at Talvère is so precious at Lunéville, that — would you believe it? — the ladies of the court are compelled to pay a double louis d'or for a single blossom, and King Stanislas, who loves no other flower, never looks kindly on any of the courtiers who do not bear a sprig of it at mass on gala days. As it happens that this very day there is to be a grand *Te Deum* at the cathedral in honor of his Majesty's return from Nancy, I rode hither with the humble hope that you would allow me to purchase one of those flowers to place in my vest to please him."

The little maiden dried her eyes in a moment in order to open them wider with the greater ease, and then she smiled so sweetly that the abject terror he had felt all the time he had been speaking vanished in a moment, and when she nodded acquiescence and exclaimed, "Ah, monsieur, 'tis Providence has sent you here," and jumped lightly down and ran across the grass to gather the flowers he had asked for — he prayed that the words might prove prophetic of the good fortune in store. In the twinkling of an eye did the maiden return with the loveliest of the blossoms of the passion-flower, and, without the smallest shyness, without any of that grimacing hesitation a court lady would have assumed, did this child of nature hand it over the wall to the cavalier. Strange to say, however, he durst not offer her the piece of gold he had drawn from his purse as price of the flower, but laid it on the wall, where it caught the rays of the morning sun, and glittered like a star just fallen from the skies. But when the action was accomplished, a sudden panic seized him at the boldness of which he had given proof, and he hurried away with almost uncourteous abruptness. But he might have spared himself all unpleasant doubt. *Hélène de Talvère* was a child of nature, as we have said before.

She believed every word of the strange gentleman's speech, and treasured it up like gospel. She seized the gold piece with childish glee, and laughed joyously.

"Oh, let me run at once and show this to dear *grand'mère*!" she exclaimed; and, without so much as thanking the gentleman for his custom or even noticing his abrupt departure, ran swiftly towards the door of the château.

As the count turned the angle of the wall his attention was aroused by the sound of voices in discussion. The harsh tones of scolding and reproach mingled

with the soft accent of his lovely *Graciosa* in gentle expostulation, and he could just catch a glimpse of a little wizened female figure, with high-crowned cap and cross-handled crutch, which, he felt sure, must be that of the horrible *Duchess Grognona*. He was too far off to seize the purport of her shrill words, but he was sure that he saw her with one hand raise her crutch with a menacing gesture towards him, while with the other she threw the gold piece out into space. Then the wailing sobs of the poor girl fell once more upon his stricken ear, until, driven forward by the old lady, the girl entered the hall door, which closed behind them and all was silent again.

"That must be the old Countess de Talvère, a great lady in her day," murmured he as he urged his horse to the trot, "but she reminds me wofully of the *Duchess Grognona* notwithstanding."

An hour or two later in the morning a vision more strange than that which a few weeks before had burst upon the sight of Count *Honoré de Bellegarde*, might have been seen gliding across the orchard of the *Château de Talvère*, and stealing through the gate which led out by short cuts and by-paths to the highroad to *Lunéville*. It was *Hélène de Talvère*, attired in the quaint costume we have already seen, but enveloped in a large cloak, and her face concealed by the old-fashioned hood and wimple which had been forgotten by the maidens of her own time. On her arm hung a large basket filled up with long branches of the passion flower, which, according to the gentleman who had paid that early visit to Talvère, would be purchased at such exorbitant price in *Lunéville*.

She hastened along the way she remembered to have traversed with old *Hubert*, when upon rare occasions he had suffered her to accompany him to market, and arrived in the city just as the cathedral bells were beginning to ring out the *Te Deum* peal, always reserved for the grandest festivities of the Church. The grand place to which she hurried was filled to overflowing; crowds from the back streets and by-lanes, crowds from the suburbs and the country, all were hastening to see other crowds of aristocratic personages attendant on the king's high mass, as this ceremony was called. Well was it for the poor child that every individual of that immense multitude was bent on making way to the front, in order to catch the best view of the royal procession, which had entered the building by the canon's

door and was to leave it by the great gate, so that no one paid the smallest attention to her, but suffered her to glide stealthily through the different groups until she arrived at the flight of marble steps, and took her station outside the iron balustrade by which they are protected.

Here she remained, patiently waiting until the gate should open for the king and the court to pass through. She knew well enough that none of the bourgeois and artisans, of whom the crowd was composed, could afford to purchase her passion-flowers at a double-louis apiece. So she gathered her long, dark cloak of Lyons cloth closely around her, and hiding her basket beneath it, took out her beads, and bending low, went steadily through the whole rosary, imploring the Virgin to grant a blessing on her endeavor to save grand'mère from the penury amid which she had languished so long, and likewise most particularly to bless the kind young gentleman whose suggestion had put her in the way of accomplishing her desire. How could she dream that at that very moment another prayer was rising to Heaven from the Count de Bellegarde, in thanksgiving for the king's consent to restore the estates of her family to Hélène de Talvère, and his Majesty's promise to assist his favorite in his desire to obtain the hand of the now great heiress. So fervent was she in her invocation, so long did she linger over the prayer, that the crash of the great *Te Deum* bell, announcing that mass was over, burst forth before she had concluded. The shock of the vibration aroused her to consciousness of her situation; and when the great doors of the cathedral were thrown open, and the congregation, all composed of the lords and ladies attendant on the king, streamed forth in proud procession, preceded by their halberdiers, and followed by their pages, she started up, and throwing aside the long cloak, stood forth in all her beauty and her singular attire, holding the basket, filled to the very brim with the passion flower, in sight of the richly dressed company, not one of whom seemed to be provided with a single blossom, so rare was evidently her merchandise at Lunéville. It was clear that the cavalier had spoken truth, and the conviction filled her with a joyful hope. And so she grew bold enough to call aloud, in her own sweet voice: "Who'll buy my passion-flower? Only a double-louis the blossom! All bright and freshly gathered, and well worth the money!" There must have been magic in the words, for scarcely

were they uttered when a loud shout, whether of admiration or derision she could not tell, burst out from the bystanders, and mingled its shrill echoes with the thundering notes of the organ which came rolling majestically through the open door, and the clanging of the bells from the cathedral tower.

So uncertain was the little maiden with regard to the meaning of the shout which had greeted her first appeal, that she repeated it in a tone yet more clear and confident. This time there could be no mistake as to the effect produced, for there arose from the portion of the multitude within hearing of the call such a sharp, discordant howl of laughter that it made her turn pale as ashes, and tremble from head to foot. "Look at her! Who is she?" was the cry. "Look at her strange dress! She must surely be some maniac escaped from the asylum at Sainte Barbe, with her trumpy flowers, too, at a double-louis apiece, forsooth!" "Nay, nay, don't you see? It is some masquerading farce she has come out to play upon us, poor, ignorant folk that we are! Rely on it, she is one of the stage-girls from the king's playhouse; perhaps the Coraline herself in disguise, playing off some merry jest on one of her gallants." "Yes; that is the most likely thing," cried another. "And is it not a shame that one of these vile creatures should dare to appear, with her masquerading tricks, before the very portals of God's house? Seize her! Hand her over to the *maréchaussée*. Let her be whipped by the hangman for the base sacrilege!" And then the women raised their shrill, spiteful voices in chorus. "Ah yes, that will be a pleasant jest, to see her change her tawdry player's robes for the gray serge dress of the penitent, and all her fine golden locks shaved close to her head, and burnt in the fire where the irons are heating to brand her as the accursed sacrilegious sinner she must be." And at the words a hundred rude hands were raised aloft to seize the poor innocent maiden; a thousand rude voices arose in loud protestation against the foul attempt at ribaldry in such a holy place; and there is no knowing what might have happened had not the procession just then come to a halt in consequence of the tumult.

The group of pages who walked before the king, bearing on velvet cushions his royal crown and sword of state, had stood up aghast upon the steps, arrested by the confusion, gazing through the iron railings at the desperate condition of the

poor maiden, whose coif and pinnars had been torn off, and whose dress, all disordered as it was, still served for theme of the rude jibes of the multitude, while the flowers on which she had reckoned for grand'mère's sustenance were being tossed abroad and trampled by the crowd. Presently appeared in due order at the portal the royal dais, borne by four gentlemen of the court whom the king most delighted to honor, and beneath it the placid and benign countenance of the king himself, looking down with wonder on the scene below.

Of course, the progress even of this most solemn group of all was stayed upon the threshold, for the crowd was now pressing so closely at the bottom of the steps, that all advance was impossible. Suddenly, to the astonishment of all, one of the gentlemen bearing the royal canopy uttered a loud cry of anguish and dismay, and was seen to shift the handle of the pole which, by virtue of his office, he was appointed to support, into his neighbor's grasp, and, forgetful of all etiquette, to rush down the steps towards the spot where the poor girl was struggling amongst her assailants.

He was very young, it is true, and new to the office, or he would perhaps have been more impressed with the solemn responsibility conferred upon him by favor of the king. He was conspicuous moreover from the passion-flower which was hanging pendent among the folds of his lace cravat, over his embroidered white satin vest, because he was the only one of the whole company whose bosom was thus adorned, although he was the very man who had told the poor girl that very morning that such was of necessity to be worn by every one. The sight of the flower was like a beam of Heaven, and salvation to Hélène de Talvère. With a piteous cry she stretched forth her arms to the wearer, whose face flushed and then grew pale as death, and who, rushing forward to the iron bars to which she was clinging, seized her by the waist and lifted her over the balustrade as though her form had not weighed more than a feather in his grasp.

He loosened not his hold till he had deposited her, all panting and half insensible at his Majesty's feet, where by instinct she remained kneeling in humility. He did but pause to whisper a few words of explanation in answer to the look of astonishment with which the king was gazing on the scene. His Majesty started and listened with a benignant smile, and

then he raised the girl to her feet and motioned to the procession to move on, and in the sight of all the people she walked beside him beneath the royal canopy.

It was not long after this event that another gay procession, likewise graced with the presence of royalty, was seen wending its way over the sanded pavement of the Grand-Place, preceded by heralds-at-arms bearing the banners of the two most ancient houses of Lorraine. As before, the whole population of Lunéville was abroad to witness the marriage of Honoré, now created Prince de Bellegarde, on this occasion, with Hélène, the great heiress of the restored domains and fiefs belonging to the Château de Talvère; and the bride, although reinstated in her rights, and in spite of the schooling of grand'mère, must still have preserved some of the rustic independence acquired by her solitary life at the château, for she resolutely rejected the myrtle and the orange blossom, which were of old established custom, for her wedding wreath, but stood at the altar crowned with the twining blossoms of the pale and star-like passion-flower.

And her descendants to this very day bear the flower in their coat-of-arms, according to the license granted at her prayer, by King Stanislas Leczinski, king of Lorraine.

From Temple Bar.

TO MILLICENT, FROM AMERICA.*

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

New York City: *The day I reach it.*

AMERICA ought to be very interesting, to justify the voyage. I speak as a gentleman of advanced middle age, who is sure to be of that opinion, for the voyage is really a series of various adventures; its luxury, of which we hear so much, I know not; in its comfort I do not believe. It is all very well to say it lasts only nine days or eight; but eight or nine days are a different length of time according as they are spent in one's usual ways at home, or, hour after hour, in a ship at sea. And then the north Atlantic—es-

* They are real letters, though they were not all addressed to the young lady in question. And—need I add?—the letters which I publish name only one person in fifty of those who, from Boston to Baltimore, and further, covered me with kindness. — F. W.

pecially in the "roaring forties"—is such an uncertain and inhospitable sea. The choppy Gulf of Lyons and "the Bay" with its swell are nothing whatever in comparison. If it is fine now, you can't guess what it is going to be two hours hence. And our voyage was one of the roughest known in September, except at the moment of the equinox, and rougher than often then. The log of the ship, which is posted up to be inspected by the passengers every morning in the companion-way, recorded "head seas," "strong gales and high head seas." It began to be roughish soon after leaving Queenstown on Friday—blew very much that evening. Next morning it was better, however, and it was only "fresh"—which means motion and a light swell—throughout that day and Sunday. Sunday night great signs of motion as one lay in one's berth—my cabin friend observing at irregular intervals from his bed, "By Jove, it is blowing! It *is* blowing, by Jove!" Monday morning a high sea was running when I went up on deck, and it ran all day; the gale increasing, so that even on a big ship, we could only watch it by holding on, very tightly, in sheltered places. At night the sight was tremendous; the wind and sea being dead against us—that is what is called a "head sea"—and volumes of water flung into the ship by its lower deck. I stood in the companion-way, high up, till twelve o'clock, the boat groaning and straining as it was pushed through rushing walls of wave. Imagine the dark sky; the sea impossible to peer into ahead; the ship's lights flashing at the side over seething waters, and the pant and pressure of the engines. One could hardly hear the *bo'sun's* whistle or the bells that ring every half hour—a forward bell of lower tone responding to one upon the deck—and the man from the forward lookout was had in, and stationed on the bridge, where the sea, of course, was less, so that one heard no more his chanting voice calling out at every half hour his slow and loud "All's well!" as a signal, just after the bells ring, to show the officer on the bridge that he is awake and alert. The captain, who usually sleeps in the chart-room behind the wheel-house, was on the bridge all that night. Next morning it quieted, and was quiet the greater part of Wednesday, though that afternoon the captain vouchsafed the information: "We expect a *sea*." And soon the sea came, and on Wednesday night there was to the full as heavy a gale as on Monday; "the thick end of a gale"

indeed—that part of it where it is strongest of all. But it was less directly ahead of us—more on our side, and looking to me therefore less tremendous, though all night, as we lay in our berths, the most crashing seas descended on the deck above us, and the wind seemed, in the wild way you know, to advance, retire, tear on again. "The weary wind, the worlds' rejected guest"—my favorite line in Shelley—but at sea *not* a "rejected guest" nor "weary" it seemed. But in the morning that wind wore itself out too.

The next thing of moment was on Thursday—"crossing the Bank." The Bank I am told—but must correctly inform myself when I have access to some one with a scientific education—is an immense deposit in the bed of the Atlantic, below the coast of Newfoundland. The water is therefore relatively shallow there, and that or the latitude affects the weather, so that it is generally roughish, and often very foggy in those parts. We heard the fog-horns going in the morning, and a wet, white, chilly mist lay on the sea all day, lifting a bit here and there to show only a white gray sky and a gray and disagreeable water. A dreary, endless, ugly day. Next morning we had got into what the Americans told me was "the American climate;" into fresh, dry air, golden light, calm seas, and a clear distance. And that lasted the two days, Friday and Saturday; and this morning we steamed slowly up the harbor from Sandy Hook. I saw the first lighthouse—an island lighthouse—late last night. And that was the beginning of America.

New York City.

A word or two about New York itself—a mere first impression. It seems to me less concentrated than London—that is, a stranger, even staying in a good part, somehow has a poor part brought more under his eyes, if he goes anywhere, than he would in London. Perhaps that is because the elevated railway—a very good substitute for the underground, as far as mere travelling is concerned—has distinctly deteriorated two of the great avenues throughout the greater part of their length. And partly too, perhaps, because the squalid and the temporary is often very near to the magnificent and the lasting—is not hidden behind, in back streets, as in London, but is right in the front also. Near the wharves—where are some of the older quarters—the clearly outlined red-brick houses, with green shutters, give a Dutch character,

due to the old Dutch settlement. You might be in one of the simpler and less beautiful parts of the Hague. The more bustling parts of New York strike me often as tawdry and nondescript. The architecture is big, but the advertisements are bigger. The really finer parts — of which Fifth Avenue is certainly one — have a tiresome uniformity of street plan, with a great variety of house building. The group of houses belonging to the Vanderbilt family is the most remarkable. Vanderbilt's own is a moderately classical and dignified cocoa-nib-colored mansion, of brown stone — so it is called. A son-in-law's is a splendid white stone house, of the earliest French Renaissance, richly wrought; and, though smaller, would look as well in Park Lane as Mr. Holford's, say; and is indeed, in its own more studiously ornate fashion, quite as beautiful. Hardly less important than the house of Mr. Vanderbilt — fancy that! — is the Roman Catholic cathedral, of a beautiful white stone. It is Flamboyant, and in two centuries will look like Abbeville.

Central Park recalls Hyde Park scarcely at all. It has a little of the Bois, and a little of the Prater. On Sunday afternoon, in the part called the Mall, I heard a very excellent band perform admirably all sorts of music, from a waltz of Waldteufel to the "Agnus Dei" of Mozart's Twelfth Mass. The better classes were absolutely absent; and what is striking indeed about the New York population, in the popular resorts, is that it is so little American. French, Germans, Irish, Italians, by the hundred, and half-a-dozen Yankees. What are these among so many?

The true New Yorker — at all events the official New Yorker — who exercises humble functions, does appear to me an eminently, even an appallingly respectable person. If you admire a particularly good-looking and well-mannered man in a bluish-grey tunic and a becoming hat, he turns out to be a policeman. At the wharf, my cabin friend and I addressed ourselves to an exceedingly dignified, property-holding, middle aged gentleman, as to where we should find a cab-driver. He was himself a cab-driver, and mentioned his price with a quiet professional reticence of bearing, like a consulting physician casually naming the sum in which you are indebted to him. It was high, but after a slight endeavor it became clear that the question was not arguable. It would have wounded his feelings too

deeply had we suggested that he should cheat us a little less. The waiter at a good hotel is respectful to you, as to an equal with whom he happens to have business. You contract to eat, and he contracts to enable you to eat, and you both of you fulfil your contract.

Long Branch, New Jersey.

There being "no one" in New York, except the editor of the *Sun*, I came down on Thursday afternoon for a day or two in a boarding-house, and to see the Scarborough of America; not its Whitby. The house is homely; the visitors few and quiet; the servants — besides the cook — were described to me by the landlady as — "I have a housemaid, Mrs. Johnson, and a colored boy." Mrs. Johnson is a poor white, with common yellow hair and a grey complexion. The colored boy is a lad of thirty summers. The colored people are generally much better than the indifferent whites. They have, as servants, more graciousness and calm, more tranquil and sure observation.

This is a curious place. In front, miles of beach and the great sea; behind, a swampy flat land of maize and meadow — a land of locust and mosquito, and of malaria at night. To right and left, an endless line of great hotels and fanciful wooden cottages in green watered lawns. No trees higher than a willow, and the east wind passing over leagues of sea and miles of plain. I have seen the pretty cottage in which Garfield died, and Grant's cottage, and the place of Seligmann, the banker. Long Branch is not exclusive. President and financier and riff-raff of New York — Long Branch has room for them all.

Montgomery County, Maryland.

I have crossed Mason and Dixon's Line, and have come into the South to pay a visit. The house that I am staying in is, to use an old phrase, a "gentleman farmer's" place; much better than an English farmer's; a little rougher than an English squire's. They own a hundred and fifty acres of extremely beautiful land. The broad, low house, with iron roof painted red, is built of brick, but with all the walls whitewashed; and it stands among trees light enough not to obscure, but tall enough pleasantly to overshadow it. From the front door you walk out to that deep and long piazza or verandah which they call the porch, and from that on to the green and slightly sloping lawn. Fields of Indian corn, stacked now, and to be gathered in only in winter, lie about

the house beyond the lawn and the first trees. A brook is on one side; a river, hardly more than a brook, the Hawlings River, on the other, and light and exquisite woodlands are always within view — woodlands which would have suited Corot, who said of the trees in his pictures that the birds must be able to fly through all the branches. The trees are changing prettily in color now — to vivid yellows and reds. You know I am not a great lover of trees in England, except perhaps of ash and walnut, which are not distinctively English, and of Scotch fir, which is Scotch, and of poplar, which is French. But the maple, the sassafras, and the dogwood — and these in early October! Here is a leaf of dogwood — in this letter — blood-color to-day. Imagine it, in mass, against the purplish bloom of the soft maple, the silver leaf turned back upwards of the silver maple, the orange-red of sassafras, the full yellow-brown of poplar, and then again, the many leaves still green, which make a wonderful background for those of fuller hue.

The other day a great thunderstorm shook the country. And there were forty hours of heavy rain; rain pattering on the flat verandah roof and soaking the wide fields. Yet an hour or two after the volume of water had all fallen the air dried, and it is now astonishingly bracing and crisp. Already there are slight frosts at night. But neither much damp nor great cold will come before December. And the serene weather will last.

Yesterday evening I read aloud the whole first part of "Evangeline" — the first three or four sections — and allowing for what seem, in the description, quite slight differences between the North which it treats of and the South which is here, it gave wonderfully the sentiment of this very place. Only one generation ago the people here wove their own sheets, and the spinning-wheel — no mere æsthetic toy of a New York drawing-room — is still in one of the parlors. The whole effect of the largeness of the land, its peace and amplitude, "Evangeline" thoroughly gives.

Montgomery County, Maryland.

I have become great friends with "Uncle" William. He is the colored coachman. To-day we were talking by the truck-patch. He was "raised" on the place, and was a slave for twenty years before he was a servant. He has been here so long altogether that he sometimes thinks that it is time to be going. He

remembers when he was the coachman exclusively, and was never sent upon an errand. That is his single grievance. Yet he can hardly leave the family, he thinks, simply upon the ground that Miss Mary sometimes wishes him to ride to Brookville or Mechanicsville, to fetch the mail. I recognize in Uncle William many virtues. They are chiefly of the meditative order.

Montgomery County, Maryland.

"Old Nicholas" is in the kitchen. It is understood that he has come to see the young ladies. He used to be a slave here; then a servant; and now he is a servant in Howard County. Every autumn, since the young ladies were little children, he has brought them a bag full of chink-a-pins for a present; and every autumn, when he has delivered his chink-a-pins, and has talked about his wife's rheumatism, and is saying good bye, he has received a gift of money. This is a never-failing surprise to him. But, like the ground squirrel, he lays by for the winter — so he tells us, laughing in a thin voice, and shaking all over as he laughs. A little, withered, merry, good-natured old colored man; and not *very* much more of a humbug than are many of us.

Montgomery County, Maryland.

Sitting over the log fire in the parlor, this crisp October day, we have eaten old Nicholas's chink-a-pins. They are like tiny chestnuts — chestnuts of a doll's house.

Montgomery County, Maryland.

The woods have lost, by this time, all their brightness — the glow and opulence of their garnet and gold. They have a sober charm. And to-day, Mary Ellicott, driving me in her buggy, is quite an autumn piece, except for her youth. A pale brown face, dark eyes, a gown and jacket the color of dead leaves, and gloves light nut-color. She drives fast, and, all the way from the Hawlings River to Mechanicsville, she is against the long background of October woods and bare, wide fields.

Hotel Vendome, Boston.

I wish that the American waiter could be induced to take a comprehensive view of life. Is it not barely possible that when one rings the bell for him it is *not* for iced water?

Boston.

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Richard Dana, Longfellow's son-in-law, drove me to Cambridge — to Longfellow's house. It still belongs to the family; a daughter,

Miss Longfellow, living there with Mr. Samuel Longfellow, her uncle, a clergyman. You will like to hear about it.

Cambridge is hardly more than half an hour's drive from Boston; in fact, there is hardly any country between the two, but neither is there any trace of crowded town, and unless you take the tramcar and the tramcar bridge, you have to get round the further part of Boston Back Bay—the quiet sea water on the inland side of the harbor—and the way is by a road over flat country wonderfully open, with a wide horizon, houses not too often, and trees, neither too many nor too thick, rising into a vast sky. Nowhere was the country better seen than from Longfellow's gate, where we stopped to look at it before getting out. The house is a large grey-white wooden house—a "frame house" as they call it—of two stories. His study was in the front, so that he had from it daily the view we got from the gate. And owning the land just in front, across the public road, he kept it unoccupied and free too of trees, that the view might be the fullest. It is cleared meadow land; and trees a little to the right hand and the left lead the eye over the length of the meadow to its end, where amongst brown water grasses, and a little marsh land, the Charles River, quiet and slow, gleams in the landscape. The moisture of the river and its occasional overflow keep the field of a fresh green. It was a very still October afternoon; the sky dark and various, though without perceptible movement or sharply defined form; a blue-grey, many-folded sky, that might open at sunset, to show streaks of yellow light under the wide grey. But at present it was closed and quiet, and the only sharpness of color came from a few trees which stood still with the greenish yellow of a canary against the more abundant soberness of russet and dull red.

Then we went into the house. It is the house that Washington occupied during the War of Independence, so that it has a double interest. Its rooms are large; its coloring chiefly light, which is necessary when you remember that a deep piazza entirely surrounds it, and somewhat overshadows its windows. There can hardly be a more beautiful colonial house. It was built in the middle of the eighteenth century; much of its material being brought from England—especially the interior wood-work, which is of the most dignified domestic classic, so to say—in the best Georgian manner. Mrs. Dana showed me the portraits. There is

a very sweet and animated head of the Mrs. Longfellow of nearly forty years ago, by my dear friend Mr. Healy; a very good picture of Longfellow in middle age, by another American, Alexander; and a later portrait by Ernest Longfellow, of his father as an elderly man. This is a likeness his family think excellent, and it is to be reproduced for the book of "Memoirs," which is soon to appear.

On the study table stands a black-wood inkstand, on a plate on which is inscribed, "This inkstand was Samuel Taylor Coleridge's." It was a present to Longfellow, though there was no particular appropriateness in his possession of it, for Coleridge had never influenced him, nor had they two much in common, Coleridge, great as he was, being obscure and intricate where Longfellow was at least limpid and simple.

All the manuscripts of Longfellow's poems are kept in half-bound volumes, the lowest row in the bookcase. I remembered George Eliot's manuscripts at Charles Lewes's; and Dickens's at South Kensington. Longfellow's work seems to have been as easy and flowing at the end as it was at the beginning. I handled the "Golden Legend" carefully—you and I know why—and I saw the first thing and the last. Dickens's writing got fuller and fuller of corrections as time went on, and he felt the fatigue of work. And though the later stories of George Eliot, at the Leweses', are in the original manuscript, we cannot make the comparison all through, for "Adam Bede," which is the very clear one, is not the really original manuscript, but a neat copy which she made to send to Blackwood. That was how she began.

Boston.

Yesterday, I went to see Dr. Wendell Holmes, a prophet honored in his own country. He lives, fittingly, in Beacon Street, and spends the greater part of his time in his ample library, with a large bow window looking out on Boston Back Bay. The Back Bay lies at the back of the harbor, behind and away from all the mass of shipping, and is really in part the broadened water of the Charles River, before it flows into the harbor and the sea. The Back Bay district, of which Beacon Street is the principal street, and Commonwealth Avenue the greatest avenue, has the advantage of fashionableness, of openness, and of excellent modern building. On the other hand it has its milder climate—"the Back Bay climate," as dis-

tinguished from that of the older and upper part of Boston — and is supposed to give rise to an aggravated form of cold, the "Back Bay cold." Dr. Wendell Holmes, however, though seventy-six, makes himself very safe in his library from the Back Bay cold. I saw him on a sunny fall afternoon; the view from the window being of an occasional rowing-boat on a stretch of placid water, and in the distance the long, thin line of Cambridge, its flatness and its spires; the foliage near the shore, and the occasional factory chimney with its faint wreathed smoke. He talked a good deal about Boston society; said that there were divisions as complete, practically, as any in English — "but you have stone walls, and we wire fences, and the fences are quite as effective, though they are not so visible." He asked me what was the thing that struck me most in America. I said, the artistic finish of the Americans; a sensitiveness to excellent form, so great as to be almost exacting. I ventured to tell him that the American daintiness of taste allowed them to care more for how a thing was done than what it was that was done; and that all the recent successes in literature bore me out in that. I told him I thought masses of people in Boston said things with a neatness we could not approach; but that in painting the Americans had still a great deal to learn from the English, and were learning from the French instead. He answered, not in the least dogmatically, that when he was in England, long ago, he didn't think English artists particularly imaginative or original. He had seen, he thought, a "Virgin and Child" of Sir Joshua's, and it had nothing of "the ideal lift." I said, of course, that I could well believe that, but that in landscape the whole French school, which the Americans copied, was founded on what was only a fragment of our own. He talked delightfully for an hour, and told two or three stories with a good deal of imitative action. The briskest man I ever saw, I think, at seventy-six, and with a mind the most alert.

On Saturday, Louis Dyer, the Greek professor at Harvard, an American who was under Jowett, and is Baliani rectified by America — Dyer, I say, asked me to lunch in town that I might meet Howells. Agassiz, the son of the still better known Agassiz, but reckoned as remarkable as his father, as a pure student, was there also, and others, all of whom interested me. Agassiz has what is probably the best picture by the American William

Hunt, a gleaming grey landscape of their "Gloucester Harbor." I saw it a day or two before. Howells is a genial, downright, matter-of-fact, and withal satirical person — just now in the very fullest possession of his means, writing and talking with the utmost neatness, without the slightest effort. He talked much of books; praising Björnson greatly, and even unduly, as I was afterwards told — other people, almost as clever, do not discern in him half as much as Howells does, it seems. He recommended me to read Miss Murfree's "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain;" the Tennessee dialect being not very baffling, much less baffling than the Scotch of Sir Walter. He agreed with me very much when I praised Thomas Hardy. We spoke particularly of "Under the Greenwood Tree," and "A Pair of Blue Eyes." Still I can never forgive him for underrating Dickens. We spoke of Zola, and when I extolled the "Page d'amour," he said it was certainly immense as a piece of pathos; though he sometimes doubted the motive a little — thought it a little forced — questioned whether the woman *would* have been quite so much in love with the doctor; whether the contest between her love for her child and the doctor would really have been quite so stubborn. "But in the matter of love, one can never say," and anyhow it was immense as pathos. We spoke of the theatre. I explained what I could about Sims, Jones, and Sydney Grundy. Gilbert he knew the best of our dramatists. He always read Gilbert's librettos with delight.

Boston.

We went, a party of four, to Concord yesterday. Miss Lilian Whiting, a sympathetic and brilliant journalist — in America a brilliant journalist is as likely as not to be a woman — Madame Helen Hopekirk, who is "Madame" only because she plays the piano in public — in private she is a young Scotch lady extremely cultivated and engaging — Mr. Sanborn, the friend on whom, as I understand, in later years Emerson chiefly leant; and myself. It's an hour's railway ride to Concord; and after passing the factory where twelve hundred people — again chiefly women — are making the Waltham watches, you go by a tiny lake, hardly more than a large pond — its shores all wooded — by which Thoreau lived, and where he built himself a hut that he might observe nature in solitude. Then you get to Concord. Mr. Sanborn had a couple of light carriages

— one, for all I know, may have been a "rock-a-away," and the other a "dagger," for it is thus that they name them — and Mr. Sanborn driving the pretty young Scotch lady, who is Madame on Thursday at the Chickering Hall, and I being at the back of the dagger, with Miss Lilian Whiting, and a youth in front, who turned round to talk about Emerson whenever the horse did not exclusively occupy him, we journeyed to Emerson's house, in which his widow and daughter live retired. There too was Mrs. Sanborn. Just where the Lexington road and the road from Boston — coming in directions that seem almost the same — meet, and continue as one road to the north, is a little bit of open triangular common, against which stands Emerson's house, or rather the white railings of its lawn. 'Tis a simple, squarish, two-storied house, chiefly white, in a bit of green garden almost without flowers, but planted with a few trees which he loved. We saw the rooms he chiefly lived in — parlor and study communicating. It is characteristic perhaps of Emerson that the dining-room was not one of these rooms, though no doubt he dined occasionally. In parlor and study everything is as he left it. The study has one great bookcase from floor to ceiling, crowded with grave, elderly, somewhat decayed-looking books. There is the set given him by Carlyle, and in the parlor Strange's print after Guido's "Aurora," which Carlyle gave young Mrs. Emerson in 1839, with the giver's inscription on the back, very genuine no doubt, but perhaps a little labored. What interested me really most in Emerson's study were the portraits of the people he profoundly believed in — art coming to him, it seems, in this way only, as the record of men. A tiny bronze, or bronzed, statuette of Goethe is in the middle of the mantelpiece — the Goethe of old age, about when Eckermann first knew him, kindly, weighty, and very much all there. The Arundel Society's reproduction of the Giotto Dante — the only Dante portrait I like to believe in — hangs in the parlor. In the study, again, is Samuel Cousins's print after Washington Alston's portrait of Coleridge in middle age, benignant and comfortable, and with the "suffused tenderness" which Washington Alston's portraits are said always to display, and a portrait of Sainte-Beuve, with the expression of a man making a very keen and unwelcome diagnosis. Emerson read German with difficulty, Mr. Sanborn told us — French with ease, and

Sainte-Beuve very much. The furniture of the rooms is of the simplest and most ordinary. The plain black rocking-chair, in which he wrote, is placed still by the round table which served as his desk.

Next we were driven past Hawthorne's house, among pine woods, to the graveyard of Sleepy Hollow, where Emerson is buried. He is not buried in the hollow itself, but on a ridge, or little platform, of hill overlooking it and the meadows. Very tall pine-trees rise, of course, at irregular and sometimes at wide intervals, on the ridge of high land. A great boulder of quartz from New Hampshire — rose and smoke quartz, pink-white and brown, and semi-translucent — is his monument. He is buried close to the graves of the aunt, to whom he deemed he owed so much, and the boy — "little Waldo," Mr. Sanborn said — who died when quite a child. In the same grave-place — for grave — "yard" you cannot call it — Hawthorne is buried, and a child of Julian Hawthorne's, which led Mrs. Sanborn and me to talk of novels and "The Philosophy of the Short Story" — a very excellent article by Brander Matthews in the September *Lippincott*. And so we said goodbye to this green-shadowed, breezy place, and to "the friend of those who would live in the spirit."

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Professor Horsford has had remarkable opportunities of really knowing the Indians. He says he cannot place them as below us in capacity for civilization. They are different — that is all. In the gifts of oratory and diplomacy they are unsurpassable, he says.

Millicent, I have seen the young lady whom Matthew Arnold must have met before he said, of American girls, that they were better than English.

Cambridge.

The friend who came away with Emerson from Longfellow's funeral told me to-day that Emerson then, being stricken in years, had lost much of his memory. Some hours after the funeral he said, after a silence, thinking of Longfellow, "That was a beautiful soul whose funeral we were at to-day. I forget his name. But he was a beautiful soul."

Boston.

The two most interesting, quite recent institutions, in Boston and outside of it, are, I think, the Institute of Technology and Wellesley College. In the Institute of Technology may be learned everything that can help in the practical labors of an

engineer, of an architect, and of a chemist. General Francis Walker administers it, of course with tact and with spirit, and I am told it is the most complete thing of its kind now in the world. Wellesley is, in its own way, just as advanced. Not only is it very much larger than any college for young women that we have in England; it is endowed more richly, and it has a wider scope. Wellesley has more than five hundred students; it has innumerable acres, a lake and woodland for exercise, seclusion, freedom. What a gymnasium did I see, and what a conservatory of music! And in a glade I met a wood-nymph who had been botanizing. Wellesley has a hundred studies, amongst which are included, I believe, cooking and housework. Nor in this American college — where mathematics and the classics do not have it all their own way — is it thought so very extraordinary if a girl wishes to learn seriously the history of art. Some people think that modern education is filling America with blue-stockings. To me it seems that colleges like Wellesley are filling America with women who will be the able companions of men, and who will lead, as thousands do now lead, lives of enterprise and courage in every place between the eastern and the western sea.

Boston.

In the matter of architecture, Richardson dominates Boston. He is the architect of the great Church of the Trinity. His is the exquisite tower of the First Baptist Church on Commonwealth Avenue. Sever Hall, Harvard, where I lectured last night — as pretty a place as I was ever in — owes to him its simplicity and ordered grace. His too is the Law School at Harvard.

Philadelphia.

Professor Leslie told me an interesting thing about the well-marked differences in different parts of Ohio. The northern part of the State was settled by New Englanders, and it remains like New England to this day. The middle part was settled by men from Pennsylvania, and the life is like life in Pennsylvania. The southern part was settled by Southerners from the Atlantic coast, and except Cincinnati, which is cosmopolitan, it is completely the South now.

But we were in Philadelphia, and I asked him how he would divide that. "There is a quarter for the colored people," he said, "and there is a quarter for the Germans, and a quarter for people

who are not fashionable, and a quarter for people who are." . . . Is there, then, in Philadelphia, no quarter for the cultivated?

New Brighton, Staten Island.

That is a pretty line in which Browning describes his city of Florence, as "washed by the morning's water-gold," and I shall think of it sometimes in connection with Isabel Featherstone. A young and gleaming blonde, slender, bright in movement — the early morning sunshine has fallen on her, and stayed.

Steam Ferry Boat.

To-day the great expanse of New York harbor, on the way to Staten Island, is dull of hue as Rotherhithe or Wapping — water and craft and sky and the encircling coast, all tones of grey and lead-color. In better weather, though the objects are very picturesque, they are too multitudinous. At least, that is the first impression. The spires and smoke-stacks and colleges of Cambridge, seen from the Back Bay at Boston, group more harmoniously. It is confusion here, it seems. Boston Back Bay is restful, simple, and a picture.

Steam Ferry Boat.

But this evening, coming back from Staten Island, there is nothing to recall Rotherhithe or Wapping — no, nothing that recalls the solid land at all. It is a vision — and the landscape of a dream. The sun behind us, towards the Atlantic, went down but lately in a purple and orange cloud; but already the orange has ceased to be vivid, the purple is subdued. Before us the placid water is silver and dove colored. Over it and the lights of the city we are nearing, there is a soft, immense, and undefined sky. The many-decked river steamers, broad of beam and with high sides, gleam white on the waters; their lights, like the lights of the city behind them, a pale gold, but in movement. One after another, to right or to left, they pass and vanish — phantoms of gold and white, gliding quite silently across a world of melting coal.

From Chambers' Journal.

A NORMAN STRONGHOLD.

THE lover of antiquity may well lament when he sees our ancient fortresses nearly levelled to the ground; but the friend of rational freedom will rejoice, when he reflects on the design for which such

works were erected, and on the many calamities to which they have given occasion. Amongst the existing but dismantled and ruined fortresses connecting the present with the sanguinary scene of strife and bloodshed of the past, is the famous castle of Pontefract, in Yorkshire, which sustained two memorable sieges by Cromwell's soldiery. This celebrated edifice is supposed to be of Saxon origin; and the site of it is perfectly agreeable to their mode of fortification. While the Romans formed their camps on a plain or on the level ground, and defended them by a fosse and a *vallum*, the Saxons raised the area of their camps and castles, if the ground was level, or selected hills as places best adapted for defence and security. The elevated rock on which the castle is built stands wholly insulated, forming a site which, without much trouble or expense, might soon be converted into a stronghold. In support of the theory as to its Saxon origin, it may be mentioned that, since the demolition of the castle, it has been found that the great round tower stood upon a raised hill of stiff, hard clay, of which material the Saxons usually made their foundations.

After the Conquest, Ilbert de Lacy received a grant of the place, and about 1076, all his vast possessions being confirmed to him, he soon after began to erect the castle. This noble structure cost immense expense and labor, and no one, unless in possession of a princely revenue, could have completed it. This formidable structure and magnificent palace was carried forward for the space of twelve years with unremitting attention. Ilbert de Lacy, when he laid the foundation stone of the castle, gave it the name of Pontfrete, because the situation, as he conceived, resembled the place so called in Normandy where he was born. Historians, however, have differed much respecting the origin of the name. Thomas de Castleford, who was bred a Benedictine monk, and who wrote the history of this place, accounts for it by the following miracle. William, Archbishop of York, and son of the sister of King Stephen, returning from Rome, was met by such crowds of people desirous to see him and receive his blessing, that a wooden bridge over the river Aire, near to this place, gave way and broke down, by which accident vast numbers fell into the river. The bishop, affected at the danger of so many persons, is said to have prayed with such fervor and success that no one perished. To perpetuate so striking and so signal

a miracle, the pious Normans, says Thomas, gave the name of Pontefract or Broken-bridge to this place.

The tower of York minster, distant upwards of twenty miles, is distinctly visible from this elevated rock. The situation of the castle contributed greatly to its strength, and rendered it almost impregnable. It was not surrounded by any contiguous hills, and the only way it could be taken was by blockade. The state-rooms of the castle were large, and accommodated with offices suitable for the residence of a prince. The style of the building shows it to be Norman; though it has received various additions and improvements of a later date.

The barbican was situated on the west side of the outer yard beyond the main-guard. Barbicans were watch-towers, meant for the accommodation of the outer guard and for the protection of the main entrance to the castle. They were sometimes advanced beyond the ditch, to which they were joined by drawbridges. The north side of the barbican area was formed by the south wall of the ballium or castle yard, in the centre of which was the porter's lodge, the grand entrance into the yard of the castle. The whole of this area was sometimes called the barbican, and within it stood the king's stables and a large barn. A deep moat was cut on the west side of the castle. Within the wall of the ballium or great castle yard were the lodgings and barracks for the garrison and artificers, the Chapel of St. Clement, and the magazine. The magazine is cut out of a rock, the descent to which is by a passage four feet wide, with forty-three steps to the bottom. Near this place was a large dungeon, the entrance to which was at the seventeenth step of the passage, and was a yard in breadth; but it is now stopped up by the falling-in of the ruins. The wall, as you descend these steps, is inscribed with many names. The entrance into the ballium was usually through a strong machicolated and embattled gate between the two towers, secured by a herse or portcullis. Over this were the rooms intended for the porter of the castle. The towers served for the *corps de garde*. On an eminence at the western extremity of the ballium stood the keep or donjon, called the round tower. It was the citadel or last retreat of the garrison. The walls of this edifice were always of an extraordinary thickness, and having in consequence withstood the united injuries of time and weather, now remain more perfect than any other part

of the castle. Here on the second story were the staterooms for the governor. The lights were admitted by small chinks, which answered the double purpose of windows, and served for embrasures whence the defenders might shoot with long and cross bows. The different stories were frequently vaulted and divided by strong arches; on the top was generally a platform with an embattled parapet, whence the garrison could see and command the exterior works.

Tradition says Richard II. was confined and murdered here by a blow with a battleaxe from Sir Piers Exton. Fabian and Rapin inform us "that on Richard's arrival at Pontefract Castle, Sir Piers Exton is related to have murdered the king in the following manner. On the king's arrival at the castle, he was closely confined in the great tower. Soon after, Sir Piers Exton, a domestic of Henry's, was sent down with eight ruffians to imbrue their hands with the blood of this unfortunate king. On the day of their arrival, Richard perceived at dinner that the victuals were not tasted as usual. He asked the reason of the taster; and upon his telling him that Exton had brought an order against it, the king took up a knife and struck him on the face. Exton with his eight attendants entered his chamber at that instant, and shutting the door, attempted to lay hold of Richard. He immediately perceived their fatal errand, and knew he was a lost man. With a noble resolution, he snatched a halbert or poleaxe from the foremost of them and defended himself so bravely that he slew four of his assailants. Whilst combating with the rest of the murderers, Exton got upon a chair behind him, and, with a poleaxe, discharged such a blow on his head as laid him down at his feet, where the miserable king ended his calamities." Stow says "that the most probable opinion is that he was starved to death by order of King Henry IV., suffering the most unheard-of cruelties, keeping him for fifteen days together in hunger, thirst, and cold, before he reached the end of his miseries."

Henry IV., after his accession to the throne, and during the whole of his reign, honored the castle at Pontefract, the paternal residence of his family, by his frequent residence. Many state documents were dated from this castle. After the battle of Shrewsbury, in which fell the valiant Hotspur and near six thousand of the rebels, the king marched to

Pontefract, to watch the motions of the Scots and the Earl of Northumberland. He granted full power to certain persons to treat with the king of Scotland, in a document which is dated at Pontefract Castle, August 6, 1403. These and other similar acts of the king and many of his successors originated in this celebrated castle. Lord Rivers, Sir Richard Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, were executed in this fortress in the reign of Edward V.

The castle of Pontefract was the only one that held out against the Parliament in the reign of Charles I. The garrison long and obstinately maintained themselves against the overwhelming numbers of the besieging army under Fairfax, until famine and reduced numbers compelled them to capitulate. Great and numerous were the deeds of heroism and daring displayed in their sallies against their foes, who in more than one encounter were put to rout. The besiegers, seeing no prospects of taking the castle by the breach they had made, began to mine, in order to blow up some of the towers. On the discovery of this, the garrison sank several pits within the castle, and commenced their mines from them. The number of pits within and without the castle is said to have been above a hundred. No great advance was made against the brave defenders, even by the arrival of Cromwell himself, who adopted every measure to compel them to surrender the fortress. On the 30th of January, 1649, Charles was beheaded. The news of this event had no sooner reached the garrison, than they loyally proclaimed his son, Charles II. But the want of provisions and the hopelessness of relief were stronger than the enemy, and towards the end of March the garrison walked out of the castle. In compliance with an order, the fortress was dismantled, and rendered wholly untenable for the future. General Lambert, to whom the execution of this order was intrusted, soon rendered this stately and princely stronghold a heap of ruins. The buildings were unroofed, and all the valuable materials sold.

Thus fell this castle, which had successively been the stronghold of the brave and warlike Saxons, the residence of a proud and imperious Norman conqueror, the turreted seat of the high aspiring Dukes of Lancaster, the palace of princes and of kings, at some periods a nest of treachery and rebellion, and at others the last hope of vanquished royalty

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE GREEK HOME ACCORDING TO
HOMER.

In a note at the end of the English translation of the *Odyssey* of Homer done by S. H. Butcher and A. Lang (p. 413) is an attempt to plan the house or hall of Odysseus.

The note is nominally on book xix.; but, as references are to be found in Homer to an architectural arrangement that seems to have been much the same whether the site were placed in Ithaca or elsewhere, I shall only take the home of Penelope as one among other illustrations.

The authors of the note in question endeavor to get at the plan of the house of the hero by following his movements, somewhat in this fashion: He stands by Argos, the dog which lies before the doors that open either from the public way to the court or from the court to the hall. He follows the swineherd into the house and sits down on the ashen threshold within the doors; there Telemachus sees him and, add our translators, sends him food from the high table at the other or upper end. Behind this high table doors open on passages leading to the women's rooms and to the store chamber. On the day of the slaughter the hero is called by Telemachus to this, the upper end of the hall. Here he places Odysseus, who thence slays the wooers. The translators, it is only fair to say, see the difficulty of this arrangement and the impossibility of reconciling with it the speech of Melanthius (xxii. 136). I would venture to add that the speech of Eurymachus is rendered equally unintelligible, for indeed the whole effort of the wooers (after a time) was to drive the unconquerable slayer from the entrance doorway, so that some might pass him and go through the city to raise the cry.

Now, before we attempt anything like a plan of the Homeric house, let us look first at the descriptions given in the poem of houses other than that of Odysseus. In Nestor's house (book iii.) we find a gateway, an echoing corridor (all Homer's corridors are echoing*) in which jointed bedsteads are set up for his unwed son and distinguished bachelor guests. Nestor himself sleeps within the inmost chamber of the lofty house, and at dawn we see him seated on two polished, white, glistening stones before the lofty doors.

In the house of Menelaus (book iv.) we

have again the bedsteads set out beneath the corridor. There are stalls for the horses, but no coach-house, for we find the inlaid car or chariot tilted against the shining faces (the broad stone piers) of the gateway.

Most of the house is covered with plates of silver, gold, bronze, amber, and ivory, so that the place gleams with the light as it were of sun or moon. There is a treasure chamber, to which descend both Menelaus and Helen, whose bed is in the inmost chamber of the lofty house, and this chamber is vaulted and scented.*

The palace of King Alcinoüs (books vi. and vii.) reveals a courtyard, the usual corridor, a great, high-roofed, columned chamber or hall, passing through which, we reach the pillared inner room, where the thrones are, and where the queen sits weaving in the light of the fire, and beyond this is the king's bedroom. The floor of the hall is of bronze; the walls are brazen and surmounted with a dark frieze; the doors and the door-hooks are golden, the lintel and door-posts of silver set on a brazen threshold. Against the walls are seats where the chieftains sit to eat and drink. Outside the courtyard, close by the gate, is a great garden of tall fruit trees hedged on either side, and there we find two fountains, one for the garden and the other for the palace, for, after running beneath the threshold of the courtyard, it issues by the lofty house whither the people come to draw water.

The house of Circe (book x.) is built of polished stone, has shining doors, a great hall and a flat housetop, without parapet, reached by a ladder.

The farmhouse of Laertes (book xxiv.) is surrounded by the huts wherein the thralls dwell, eat, and sleep.

Here and there are isolated references that have a bearing on the subject; thus (book iv.) we have a watch-tower in Agamemnon's palace. Round the city of King Alcinoüs is a high wall with towers (book vi.), and in the house of Æolus folk sit on the threshold by the pillars of the door (book x.).

Now let us turn to the house of Odysseus. Here, as in the others, we have an outer courtyard, a corridor, a lofty house containing a hall and inner rooms, but the inmost room is curiously built round a tree, and there are upper chambers, among which are a treasury and armory (two storerooms), as well as a vaulted

* Fragrant or scented chambers were probably so called from having cedar wood used in their construction. See *Iliad* xxiv. 191.

* Loud-sounding — ἐπίδοντος.

treasure-house and a *tholos*, translated by our authors "kitchen dome," but which was possibly a family mausoleum, as the cooking seems to have been done in the hall.

This general arrangement, which Homer, as we have seen, constantly gives, appears to have been not unlike some of the Egyptian temples; that of Talmis, for instance, founded by Amenophis the Second and restored under the Ptolemies, a plain, simple example, the study of which will help us in forming an idea of the Homeric palace.

The world-renowned house at Ithaca is described in scattered detail through many books of the *Odyssey*. Gathering these descriptions together and keeping before us the accounts already given of other Homeric houses, we shall arrive, I trust, at a ground plan and view that will bear at least the stamp of likelihood. First, then, at the hall feasted—accepting the poet literally—one hundred and eight princely wooers besides strangers; the household included fifty maids, twelve mill women, and ten serving men, to say nothing of the many other attendants necessary, and the host of unnecessary hangers-on; when besides all this we have to make room for an enormous live stock of poultry, mules, goats, and kine—although I do not know Ithaca nor whether any foundations remain of this famed palace—I think that we should not be doing justice to its dimensions if we put down the enclosure at anything much less than two to four hundred feet. This enclosure was fenced by a lofty, well-built stone wall surmounted by a battlement (xvii.). The great courtyard probably occupied about one-half the site; the entrance to this was by folding doors in the centre of the end wall, and the three sides of the court formed by the outer walls—perhaps also the side against the house—were occupied by a corridor covered possibly by a flat roof, serving on three sides as a walk behind the battlements and reached by a postern gate from the hall. This corridor would towards the court present the appearance of a series of pillars and lintels enclosed by skins or thick curtains when the beds were set up. Fenced in by hurdles or white-thorn, the live stock would be tethered in those portions of the corridor nearest the gateway. Here too, taking up their lodging with the beasts, would be found the herdsmen, the laborers, and the old Greek equivalent to the modern frequenter of the tap-room and stable. Such a corridor would possi-

bly be from ten to twelve feet wide, and from eight to twelve feet high.

The great gateway does not appear to have been large enough to drive a chariot through, for we have seen that even in the luxurious palace of Menelaus the chariot was tilted like an Irish car against the piers of the gateway.

The doors, we are told, were folding or double, and for the general form of the outer entrance we may well accept the gate of the lions at Mycenæ. Outside this gate, piled against the walls, were heaps of manure and house refuse, and on one side or in front of the gate—on the other side of the road so to speak—was an open green sward where the wooers took their pleasure in outdoor games, and when wearied retired to the cool shelter of corridor or awning, where they played at draughts, sitting on hides of oxen spread on the great threshold. This threshold of the hall or inner entrance was no doubt large and well paved,* and the gates turned on pivots, but the rest of the floor of the court and corridors, except under the altar, was only of earth. In the centre of the quadrangle stood a well-wrought altar dedicated to Zeus. This, I conclude, was fenced in, for we read that boars freely roamed the courtyard, feeding on what scraps they could find, and the altar, it is fair to assume, would scarcely be exposed to them.

Opposite the great gates, and forming the fourth side of the courtyard, rose the house itself, consisting, broadly speaking, of two parts—first, the lofty and pillared hall, and second the private apartments at the rear of it in two stories, "building upon building." At one side between the house and the wall of enclosure were low buildings devoted to the different offices—the mills, the bakehouse, etc. The great room or hall was entered from the court by wide folding doors (xvii.), and may have had a corridor or portico in front. All the pillars were squared of cypress wood and supported lintels or beams of pine, and on these rested cross beams to the aisles jutting out into the central space which was covered by a flat roof at a higher level than the aisle roof.

This central space had no better floor than the bare earth, but the aisles, which

* The usual threshold of an Irish cabin is an enormous slab of stone with a good fall outwards. The Greek word *oûdōc* in Homer means something more than a mere door-cill, as the word *threshold* in its modern usage implies. I take it to mean the whole of the floor or paved space in the doorway or passage whereon the door is set. Thus the *oûdōc* of the gate of the lions at Mycenæ is about ten feet by eight.

I believe extended all round the four sides of the hall, were evidently fairly floored and raised a step or two above the earthen floor, the spaces in the doorways being of stone and the rest possibly of ash. "The fair spaces between the pillars," more than once mentioned, can, I think, be nothing else but the fair *floor* space of the aisles or inmost parts of the hall as distinguished from the wide central earthen space.*

The high seats or couches of the wooers would thus be placed against the walls, as in the palace of King Alcinous, and before them would be set small circular, square, or oblong tables easily moved and convertible at a moment's notice into shields or bucklers. We shall find also in the treasury a raised floor on which the cofers stand ranged against the walls, like the seats of the wooers in the hall.

I cannot recognize in the descriptions taken together any arrangement like that of a college hall, with a dais at one end for the "high seat," such as Messrs. Butcher and Lang take for an illustration. At the further end of the hall — that is, in the wall opposite the entrance — a door led into the inner chamber or the women's room, the stairs leading to the upper story being close inside this door. In the body of the hall three braziers were lighted towards evening, to give warmth and light. Beyond the inner chamber was yet another room, called the inmost chamber; this was the bedroom of the chief or master. Here in Ithaca it was a curious and somewhat exceptional room, possibly circular and detached, or semi-detached, built of stones set round about an olive-tree that grew in the inner court, well roofed over and having close fitting doors. How far this was removed, if at all, from the house proper does not appear, but it is quite an exceptional way of constructing the room which in other Homeric houses is described as the innermost or the back room of the house.

The vaulted treasure chamber at Ithaca, like that in the palace of Menelaus, is approached by descending or stepping down. Menelaus is described as going down to his fragrant treasure chamber,† and Telemachus steps down into his fa-

ther's vaulted treasure-house.* Whether this spacious store-room was entirely underground or only partly so is a question, but, as a place of security, it ought perhaps to be regarded as wholly below the surface. It was entered by close-fitting folding doors with well-fitted doorposts set in a threshold of oak planed cunningly; and its general form is possibly to be seen in the treasure or tomb house of Atreus. At the back of the palace was a garden or private court for the use only of the master and the women of his household.

Going back to the hall, we find that against one of the pillars is a polished spear-stand; but spears were also sometimes set against the tall pillars or piers of the entrance doorway (xvii.). In the hall too was the usual place of the weapons of war; the spears bristled in their stands, whilst the shields, bows, and helmets were probably suspended from pins in the pillars. These, by order of Odysseus, his son removed before the day of slaughter, on the pretence that they were being damaged by the vapor of the fire, a most natural excuse, seeing the proximity of the pillars to the braziers. And here I would note the air of severe economy that obtains in the hall of Odysseus. The cypress wood of the pillars is deftly planed and made straight, but not overlaid with bronze or plates of silver, or inlay of gold, amber, or ivory, as in the house of Menelaus. We have here nothing of the costly metallic sheen that Homer spreads over the house of Alcinous. The hall of the great Odysseus is spacious, is well and truly built, but, with the exception of a few thresholds of stone, there is nothing to show that it is built of aught but the simplest materials — e.g., cypress for the piers, pine for the roof and walls,‡ ash for the floors of the raised aisles, and earth for the central floor. Indeed, throughout the whole account of the palace there is a very noticeable absence of words denoting display of wealth. There is a silver handle to the door of the chamber of Telemachus, on the upper floor of the house. For the treasure chamber there is a key of bronze with an ivory handle (the ivory overlaid, I fancy), and the folding doors are shining — i.e., either of polished wood or overlaid with metal in bands arranged like the Balawat gates.

* Ὡς φάν' ὁ δ' ὑπὸ φορὸν θάλαμον κατεβήσεται πατρός. — Od. ii. 337.

† Book xxii. The ashén spear thrown by one of the wooers sticks fast in the walls. The walls might, however, have been lined with wood to a certain height.

* The *μεσόδοι* may be only the wrought wooden steps between the pillars. Anyhow, as in Od. xx. 354 they appear with the walls to be sprinkled with blood, I am disinclined to regard *μεσόδοι* as overhead or roof beams. The cross plank of a ship (the *μεσοδοί* of Od. ii. 424) in relation to its mast is more like the step on which the columns rest than the beam they support.

† Αὐτὸς δ' ἐς θάλαμον κατεβήσεται κήωντα. — Od. xv. 99.

For the rest all is well built; the doors fit closely, the pillars and thresholds are cunningly planed and straight as a line; in brief, the workmanship is as good and as knowing as it can be, and the proportions possibly excellent, but there is no luxury, no grand display of costly material in the building itself. Herein is a lesson for us of the nineteenth century, if we could but learn it.

Two features in the hall yet remain to be described, the postern and the windows as exhibited in book xxii. The postern (*ἀποθύρη*) is raised above the floor, and leads into an open passage, closed by well-fitted folding doors. This postern the swineherd is set to guard, because through it is the only approach by which relief can come to the wooers from outside, seeing that the mighty Odysseus is guarding the main entrance. One of the wooers calls for some one to "climb" to this postern and "give word to the people," but he is answered that such an attempt would be useless, for the doors towards the court (*i.e.*, the main entrance doors of the hall, where Odysseus stood) are grievously near to the postern, so that the entry to the passage is perilous, and "one man would keep back a host." I take it this postern was at the side, as one stood within the main door looking into the hall, that it was pierced in the side wall, was reached by a straight flight of steps or ladder, and opened out either directly or by an open passage to the battlements of the outer wall above the corridor of the great court. From this height a few steps would bring us to the flat roof of the aisle of the hall, by which access could easily be gained to the high or first floor over the women's rooms at the back of the hall. In support of this flat roof we recall the forest dwelling of Circe and the death of the young Elpenor, who, heavy with wine, lying apart from the rest on the housetop, was startled by the noise of his fellows, leaped suddenly up, and, forgetting where he was, instead of descending by the tall ladder, fell from the roof and broke his neck.

We have yet to deal with another part of the hall. In the twenty-second book Telemachus, standing with his father on the great threshold on the raised floor, and just within the main entrance doors, says that he will fetch armor for his father, himself, and the two herdsmen. Thereupon he went forth by the chamber where his famous weapons were lying, but on leaving the chamber he omitted to shut and fasten the door. Melanthius, the goatherd,

guessing at or seeing this, offers to fetch armor for the wooers, and forthwith climbs up by the windows of the hall to the inner chambers. Here he finds, as he supposed, the door open, and is able to secure twelve sets of armor. These delivered in the hall, he climbs up again to fetch another batch, but his intention being anticipated by the swineherd, the latter with the neatherd is sent by Odysseus to intercept the traitor. So the two herds went forth to the chamber, and found Melanthius seeking for the armor in "the secret place of the chamber," and they stood one on either side of the door waiting for him. Laden with helmets and shields, the traitor is caught as he is crossing the threshold, dragged in by the hair, bound hand and foot, and then hoisted "up the lofty pillar" by means of a rope to near the roof beams until the slaughter of the wooers should be completed.

Now where was this armory? and what were the approaches used by Telemachus and the faithful herds on the one hand and by the traitor Melanthius on the other? It will be remembered by the reader of Homer that Odysseus became somewhat alarmed when he saw the wooers arming themselves with the first lot of armor, and immediately thought either that one of the women had turned traitor or that it was the work of Melanthius. If we take the section of the hall to be like that of the south temple at Karnak, Homer's description becomes clear.

Telemachus ascends the postern steps and gains the flat roof of the aisle, traverses the whole length of this until he reaches the building of two stories containing the private apartments at the other end of the hall. Here, opening on to the flat roof by a doorway, is the chamber or wardrobe where a certain amount of armor has been stored. But as Telemachus ran along this roof-flat he passed the windows of the hall set in a kind of clerestory, and was spied by Melanthius, who after the return of Telemachus to the hall climbed to one of the windows, no doubt by one of the pillars in the upper end or side of the hall, and got out on the roof just by the door Telemachus in his haste had left open.

Apart from the dimensions of a building necessary to accommodate the number of Penelope's wooers, the castle of Odysseus on the Acropolis at Ithaca, according to Homer, can easily be traced in the general design of the minor temple palaces of Egypt, particularly in that of Kalapsche (ancient Talmis), which, though of Ptole-

maic or Roman work, is acknowledged to be a restoration of a building designed in the time of Amenophis II. If we take away the pylons and change the back room to the particular form Homer gives to the bedroom of Odysseus, we can trace almost everything else the poet describes, and we have only to substitute for the thick inner walls of the Egyptian example the wooden framework of which Homeric palaces within the outer fortified enclosure were usually made, to complete the plan of Penelope's home.

Hirt's conjectural ground-plan of the Homeric house, which I have seen since writing the foregoing, is founded also on the Egyptian type, but has a much more civilized arrangement than I think warranted by the text. There is a stable court and separate stables and coach-houses, and the corridor surrounding the great court is merely a covered way opening into chambers for guests and sons on one side and the mills on the other.

I have also read, since my notes were in type, the account given by Dr. W. Dörpfeld of the excavations on the Acropolis of Tiryns.* Extremely interesting as these are, I cannot reconcile the complex ground-plan there exhibited with that indicated in Homer as the house of the *anax*. In the Odyssey the women's rooms, for example, are always entered *through* the men's hall (τὸ μέγαρον), and the movements of the *dramatis personæ* cannot be followed if a plan like that at Tiryns be adopted.

Tiryns seems to me to be thoroughly Eastern. It has its seraglio and its harem, and in some leading and peculiar features it is certainly curiously like the arrangement in the palace of Sargon,† although somewhat difficult to compare with it, for the harem court alone of the Assyrian king is equal to the entire fortress of the tyrant or the Phœnician merchant who founded Tiryns, either one or the other of whom would have been imbued with Asiatic manners, keeping his concubines in seclusion, and demanding a plan such as that supplied at Tiryns, but quite unnecessary to the chieftain living the simple domestic life described by Homer.

The words, —

Ὅκα μῦλα μέγαροιο διελθέμεν, ὅφρ' ἂν ἴκηται
Μητὲρ' ἐμὴν (Od. vi. 304)

and the passage in book vii. 133-141

* Dr. H. Schliemann's Tiryns. 1886.

† See Perrot et Chipiez, Histoire de l'Art, tome ii., fig. 196.

should be enough to warn us against accepting the Asiatic ground-plan of Tiryns for the Homeric house.

E. W. GODWIN.

From St. James's Gazette.

STONYHURST AND ITS SYSTEM.

I.

IN the most picturesque and interesting district of Lancashire is a broad champagne which extends as far as the eye can reach from the pretty village of Whalley to the Pendle Hills. The view seems infinite in extent and variety, suggesting one of the rare landscapes of Rubens. The air is keen and bracing — for the land lies high above the sea — and only one or two tall chimneys are to be described. Here are two of the most beautiful rivers, the Ribble and the Hodder, winding under the broken arch of a ruined bridge. Within easy walk is Whalley Abbey, duly chronicled by the learned and "judicious" Whitaker — the abbey which furnishes such effective scenes to Lancashire's novelist, Harrison Ainsworth. Not far off is Houghton Tower; a genuine old English manor-house now turned to the baser uses of barn and farmhouse; its court, and steps and arches, sun-dial, mullioned windows, carved scutcheons all mouldering away in neglect. Half-way on the road from Whalley we come to a quaint old village church, bearing the name of Mytton; it dates from the days of Edward III., and, with its chapel in which are sculptured recumbent figure of knights, it is extremely interesting. Here lie the old lords of the manor of Stonyhurst — notably, Sir Nicholas Sherbourne, who died in 1717. His daughter and heiress, a Duchess of Norfolk, is herself buried here. The estates passed from her to the Weld family, who up to the year 1774 were lords of the manor in which was included Stonyhurst. But the handsome manor-house of Stonyhurst was left untenanted.

It was during the ownership of the Weld family that the Jesuits, expelled from their old college at Liège, were obliged to fly to England, where they found refuge at this old mansion, generously presented to them by the Weld of that day. And here they founded their imposing college of Stonyhurst. Turner, in one of his most charming views, shows us what the old building was then like; a very striking piece of Jacobean architecture. Up to some forty or fifty years ago

it remained unfinished, a tower of the collegiate pattern rising in the centre with only one wing completed. The beauty and proportions of this central tower are pleasing, with its graceful archway, through which is seen the court within; it is finished by two open lanterns or tourelles of airy design, each capped with an eagle, which can be seen from afar rising from the thick plantations. An avenue full half a mile long leads straight to the door; the avenue being raised between two oblong sheets of water. On one side a Gothic church, on the other an ancient building serving as an infirmary, are united to the main building by cloisters. The porch and courtyard within are surrounded with buildings of the Haddon Hall style; while a fine flight of steps extending as it descends to the ground in the old, florid curves, leads up to the grand entrance. This opens into the old banquetting-hall; a long, marble-flagged apartment, with windows deeply mullioned and half-filled in with stained glass, and a ceiling laid out in geometrical stucco; at the bottom is the gallery. Of a moonlight night it is something of a sensation to cross that courtyard; the hexagon towers rising in solid darkness at the corners, the light within shining through the storied frames "richly dight." There are picture-galleries, rooms "in the towers," and winding stairs.

In the rare gardens behind we find a truly piquant and old-fashioned air. They are laid out in the prim Dutch style. Here are fanciful stone pavilions, fine yew hedges—some ten feet high and two centuries old,—sun-dials, a circular basin with a leaden statue in the centre, and the now rarely found bowling-green encircled by an enclosure of yew bushes. A few steps lead down to what is called the dark walk, where old gnarled yews meet overhead in a thick umbrageous canopy, of a sultry day offering an impenetrable shade. Up to a recent period the old Stonyhurst of the Liège refugees was little changed, save that from time to time various inartistic additions of the true scholastic kind in simple brickwork were pieced on to the old fabric. A few years ago, however, it was determined to rebuild these portions, in harmony with the original edifice and on a scale suited to the needs of the establishment. This work, now completed, forms a really imposing pile, on which a sum of over £100,000 has been laid out. Some of the public halls and reception rooms are on a vast scale; and the galleries, stairs, etc., are most

imposing. No establishment of the kind is like it, as the scholars, professors, and directors are all lodged under one roof. The chapels and courts are spacious and even noble in their proportions.

Nor does this one establishment exhaust the resources of the institutes. The society is in the curiously unique position of being lord of the manor, holding sway over a fine and fruitful estate with farms, retainers, and tenants; so that they can depend almost wholly on their own production to supply their wants. On the estate are to be found subsidiary establishments, such as that on the pretty Hodder River, where children of tender years are prepared for the greater house. There is also the seminary, not very far from the college, where the younger ecclesiastical students pursue their studies. The novitiate of the order is, or used to be, kept at Hodder; and thus these various establishments fall into hierarchical order. Here a person might pass through the stages of education, literary or religious. He might arrive as a child of seven or eight, spend two or three years at the novitiate; next enter the great college, where he would remain from seven to ten years; then, were he destined for a religious state, he would remain yet a couple of years longer; next proceed to the seminary, where he would follow theological studies, lectures, and take a degree at London University. Finally, he would return to the college, to pass seven or eight years teaching. The society also possesses a fine training-college in Wales, St. Beuno's, where divinity is regularly taught. Besides this they have a flourishing college at Beaumont, near Windsor, founded only a few years ago, yet flourishing exceedingly; also one at Mount St. Mary's, which is intended for the middle classes. At Roehampton also there is a novitiate. A vast proportion of members of the order thus pass through the ranks, being placed on foundations or *bourses* left by the pious; and it may be conceived how thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the society must be those who have undergone this methodical training. In truth, there is here a unity of discipline and teaching which stamps with irresistible force every mind subject to it. The system creates something like an instinct.

The college has its own physicians, music-masters, and other professors, all supplied with fitting houses; their whole time is filled up in imparting instruction. The fathers of the society, who have their fine Gothic church, undertake the

parochial duties of the place. The services are most efficiently performed and the rites of the Church even magnificently displayed. A century's work of this character has resulted in the whole district round becoming Roman Catholic. The spectacle, unique in England, is exhibited of an ecclesiastical administration as in the days of Paraguay, the lords of the soil being clerics. Here the old-fashioned guilds flourish; and on some fine summer's day processions, with banners and music and crucifixes, are seen to wind along the roads and green lanes, as on the festivals of the Corpus Domini abroad. The relations between the owners and the men of the soil have always been of a friendly kind; the people feeling that by this flourishing institution money and employment and many minor advantages are secured to them exclusively.

II.

It will next be interesting to examine the course of training and study, which is the same in every Jesuit college, and has scarcely changed since the time of Loyola. It is easily adapted to the requirements of the time, but its spirit is always the same. The breadth of the system is best seen by a glance at the great dictionaries or encyclopædias, such as the "*Imago Primi Sæculi*," and those three large volumes, double-columned and closely printed, containing an account of all the Jesuit writers, in which their learning and literature are set out at length. Here we find writers in all departments — belles-lettres, poetry, Latin plays, and the graceful application of science, as well as contributors of huge folios, "dungeons of learning" in theology and science. Of all the religious orders this society has alone furnished conspicuous astronomers; and the names of Kircher and Secchi would alone give the Jesuits an honorable place. Some of their class-books have long done duty in English schools; and the "*Gradus ad Parnassum*" and Alvarez's prosody attest their educational skill. Versatility is a great aim of the system; and much is left to the personal influence of the master, who "goes up" with his scholars, from the bottom through all the classes to the top. Of course there is the objection that the instructor comes new and inexperienced to his duties in each successive class; but it is thought that the disadvantage is counterbalanced by personal influence and knowledge of character.

The routine arrangement for instruction

differs little from that of other schools. There are seven classes — forms, as they are elsewhere called; here they are styled schools. The lowest is elements, next follow figures, grammar, syntax, poetry, rhetoric — all significant names. The usual familiar works of the classical writers are read in the lower classes, from Cæsar and Æsop and Lucian up to Cicero; Virgil and Homer are commenced in syntax; in the next class Horace, with Latin verse-making; while in rhetoric, Greek plays, with the course of the university entrance, is followed. Much attention is given to the higher mathematics and the sciences, and their study is stimulated by prizes or scholarships of £25 and upwards. The college observatories, magnetic and astronomical, form one of the recognized seven observatories of the kingdom that register observations. Here the director is Father Perry, whose name is well known to men of science. The society encourages its cleverest students to study for honors and take degrees in the London University, which fosters a scientific tone.

Here flourishes, too, a department which attracted some attention during the Tichborne trial — the class of "philosophers," who live apart under comparatively luxurious conditions and prosecute their studies after the manner of university life. They are for the most part youths of fortune or incapacity, too old or too idle to go through the classes and too young to be cast loose on the world. They are under control, yet enjoy a certain liberty, while a modicum of instruction suited to their capacity or needs is supplied to them. Others devote their "ease with dignity" to serious studies preparatory to the army or some other profession. There are plenty of professors and masters, and any one wishing to give himself up to study with ardor finds the most cordial co-operation. Nor must we overlook some minor agencies which have always been largely used by the society in imparting a taste for the graces of literature. The book-gatherer and stall-hunter has often lighted on the little stout volume of classical plays written in Latin, by some one of the fathers, and performed by the students on great festivals. Some works of this kind have been brought out in sumptuous fashion; and the well-known *Père de la Rue*, or "*Ruæus*," as he is known to the readers of the Delphin classics, was particularly distinguished as a dramatist of this type. At Stonyhurst the stage for about sixty or seventy years became an almost educa-

tional institution, and until very recently was maintained on a rather ambitious scale. The custom was, that about the beginning of December a regular theatre, complete in scenery, traps, etc., was built, and for a whole month careful instruction and rehearsing went on. At Christmas there was a season of about ten performances. These dramatic evenings were much relished; the college band performing between the acts, the whole having quite a "footlights" flavor. From the playbills I find that the "stock" pieces were "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Cure for the Heartache," "Speed the Plough," "Rivals," "William Tell," "Guy Mannering," "Rob Roy," "Castle Spectre," "Castle of Andalusia," and some others. The actors were well trained, while for the audience there was a certain education in poetry, feeling, and character, in spite of the fact that the dramas were presented in a rather maimed way; for by an inflexible rule enforced for centuries all female characters are tabooed. It may be conceived what an appearance was presented by "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" minus Lady Macbeth, the queen, and Ophelia; these personages, according to precedent, being ingeniously or clumsily recast in the character of one of the other sex. A traditional receipt was followed; the speeches of the young lady heroine being transferred to a male cousin or brother who acted as a deputy, repeating his sister's or cousin's speeches to an invisible *ina-morato*. Mrs. Malaprop thus became an eccentric old bachelor. All this might seem grotesque enough to those familiar with the play; but to those to whom it was utterly unknown it made little difference. The poetical plays were perhaps the most popular. They were set off with the finest dresses; for the green-room wardrobe was fully stocked and might have set up a country theatre. "Hamlet," a triumph of judicious mangling, was always followed with breathless interest.

Much insistence was laid on public exhibitions or trials renewed periodically; when pieces in English, Greek, and Latin were recited, and examination invited in specified books. This was done with a view to encourage readiness and dispel shyness. Between the parts the college band performed. Concerts, too, were much encouraged; there was a standing chorus, great in glees, with some sweet voices in it capable of fair solo performances; and, in my time, there was a very respectable band.

All these influences duly methodized and controlled were held to be parts of education. But latterly these have been shaped to "suit the times." The requirements of parents and guardians have proved too strong even for the rule of St. Ignatius. The theatrical season at Christmas has been abolished, owing in part to the disappearance of the audience itself; for in these days of easy travelling parents and guardians have their children with them at home at that season. At particular seasons however — as at Shrove-tide — theatrical exhibitions on a small scale are still given; and in this way all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas have been regularly produced as they came out.

But the most pleasing kind of festival is that of the annual "academies," or "breaking-up day." For the schoolboy there is something almost entrancing in the feeling that his drudgery is over and that enlargement, long pined for, is at hand. Then there are the special glories of the day; the delightful flutter of exhibition, the crowds of strange faces beaming pleasantly, the good-natured relaxation of laws; and then there is the soft regret at departure and the dissolution of a year's companionship. For the older pupils of the place, returned after an interval of many years, the scene naturally calls up a little tumult of emotions. As they wander through the old halls, it seems like passing into a dream; the old thrill and boyish delight revive in a ghostly way and "walk." This bright and tranquil summer morning is the morning of thirty years ago, and we see that other self of ours among these lads. It used to be a strict law that ladies should not find admission; and the late Mr. Shiel, one of the earlier students, described in some pleasant sketches the sternness with which mothers and sisters and cousins and aunts were turned from the gates. But the college has "moved with the times;" nowadays nothing can be gayer or more brilliant than the scene when the exercises begin and the handsome spacious exhibition-room is crowded with these fair perturbers. The glories of the day have, however, been somewhat curtailed. Formerly, when trains were few, the pupils departed on the morning after the festival; now it is an object to get home as quickly as possible, and there is an eagerness to catch the afternoon trains. Hence the exercises are hurried, and by three o'clock the great gate offers a bustling spectacle akin to that of a crowded railway station.

A STONYHURST day is a busy one. It will be interesting to follow the order of exercises. Winter and summer, the scholars rise at half past five. Morning prayers and mass follow in the chapel, which brings them to a quarter to eight; when there is breakfast, for which a quarter of an hour is allowed. After breakfast follow two hours in the classes. Half an hour's recreation in the playground succeeds, when there is another hour's classes for mathematics and arithmetic. Dinner is served at half past twelve, to be succeeded by an hour and a half's recreation in the playground. There is then half an hour's study, with an hour and a half's evening class; recreation then for about three-quarters of an hour, chapel for a quarter of an hour, and "night studies" for an hour and a half; and with the welcome sound of "Put up your books" the working day comes to a close. Supper follows, with an hour and a half's recreation. All are in bed by nine. It will be seen that in this arrangement the spells of study and play are judiciously alternated.

A traditional "motor," if we might so call it, for supplying interest to the studies is the dividing each class into two parties, called Romans and Carthaginians. This is regulated by a system of marks with banners, marked "S.P.Q.R.," pulled down on defeat; the foremost boy being hailed as imperator, and the officers under him being styled tribunes, prætors, etc. This may seem fantastic, and with familiarity it might be thought would lose its force; but the alternatives of success were accompanied by these never-failing stimulants to boyish industry — reward in the shape of holiday and "banquets." This was a relic of the old Liège days; and, when the summer-time came round, these accumulated debts were paid and the anticipated and hardly won enjoyments realized. There was what was called "a blandyke," or good day, when every enjoyment was provided; late rising on the following morning, luxurious breakfasts and dinners, fishing, or some distant expedition to see the mysterious world without. One of the most gratifying and delightful feelings excited was the sense of *privilege*; companions being seen, throughout the day, pursuing the drudgery of school life, and casting wistful glances at the favored holiday-makers. For a variety of services or merit this reward was given, and there were what were called "good suppers" in the old baronial hall; where the rafters re-echoed to song and laughter.

The Jesuit system of discipline for the control of a crowd of lads, about two hundred and fifty in number, of all ages and degrees, is a remarkable one. This is administered by three prefects — first, second, and third. These officers attend to these duties only, much as the proctors do at the universities; and in the playground or at study-time one or other is always *en faction*. Though in later days there has been some modification, it is chiefly in the shape of delegating these duties to trusted "first-form" boys. Such concessions, however, are rather inconsistent with the principle of the society, which is that of rigorous supervision. This spirit is illustrated in the "castrated" editions of the classics of which De La Rue's "Virgil" is the most familiar instance. Our public schools go upon another principle; the argument being that the shock of introduction, on entering the world, to what has been so jealously excluded would only lead to sudden and fatal downfall. For my part I find the question a perplexing one.

The prefects, or lictors, as the classicists of the playground might style them, administer the corrective discipline of the place. The punishments are either ordered by the masters or by the prefects themselves, for infraction of rules, insubordination, etc. There are penalties of a mild sort — such as extra studies and forfeitures of various kinds, or, in the case of the more hardened, of the physical sort. A time-honored instrument is the ferula; a springy piece of leather of the texture and weight of a carriage-trace; the culprit holding out his hand to receive from six to eighteen strokes; eighteen being the maximum. Few things are more disagreeably painful and at the same time more harmless and transitory in its effects than the application of this instrument. Punishment was administered at fixed hours; and it was left to the lad himself to go at his own time and apply for castigation. In this way he had an opportunity of showing his manliness and of taking his punishment with a sense of having deserved it. It is evidence of the skill and tact of the order to have devised this method. For more serious offences there are severer punishments. In so large a gathering one or two "black sheep" are almost sure to be found, and these are promptly dealt with and removed for the general safety of the flock. The principle of settling quarrels by "fighting" is not tolerated; though occasional contests of course arise. Due allowance is here

made; but anything like a battle arranged to "come off" in cool blood is severely visited on the offenders.

The studies are directed by an important official, "the prefect of studies," who inspires the whole, examines every three months, and has to superintend the masters. Evidence of the success of the system is shown by the records of the London University, where, during forty years, exhibitions, honor, and scholarships have been won far out of proportion to the number of lads sent up.

A provision that obtains in all the colleges of the society is a marked division of the scholars into two sections, which, though working side by side, hold no communication with each other. The three higher classes form one division, called the "higher line;" the smaller boys another, the "lower line." It might be two different schools. In the playground a slight rising of the ground separates them. It may be said for this system that the lower classes, being in a state of childhood as it were, look eagerly for promotion into the upper division. For a century football has been the favorite game, and it is played not upon grass but on hard, well-trodden gravel ground. This sport is pursued with a sort of passion morning, noon, and evening; and nothing more exciting can be conceived than the annual grand matches at Shrovetide. For the summer there is the old-fashioned Stonyhurst cricket — another survival from the beginning of the century. It is played with a sort of rude club, with a spring, well spliced with pitched cord. The crease is of the hard gravel afore-said, and the wicket is a block of granite shaped like a milestone. Dr. Grace would smile at this rude apparatus, much as Captain Dalgetty did when he was shown the Highlanders' bows and arrows; but it is a fine game in its way, and the strokes, delivered with a flourishing swing, send the balls flying in amazing fashion. Of the summer evenings there is, or used to be, an original variation of the game, known as "double cricket," when the whole force of the establishment is ranged into two "sides." One will "go in" *seriatim*; the other side, some fifty or sixty strong, "fielding" up quite close. It is played with a short crease and a soft ball. The rapid "putting out," the general cry of "Run, run!" the dashing strokes and hairbreadth 'scapes, make it a most exciting scene. Another game peculiar to the place is what is called "second bounce." Small balls are made by tightly

winding layers of india-rubber round a core of the same material. The whole is then covered with kid leather neatly sewn. This handball game is played with four persons on each side, who stand far out, perhaps eighty yards from the wall. It may be conceived how these airy messengers spring and fly, and what dexterity is needed to send them up; you know not "where to have them." With practised players it is a very elegant game, and as unfamiliar as it is pleasing. In these pastimes the professors and superiors take their share. Nothing is so remarkable as to see this band of clever, learned, and laborious men all working hard in the drudgery of teaching and supervision, themselves under strict supervision; and all without fee or reward, save what they look for from the sense of duty well performed.

The associations of Stonyhurst are remarkable enough. The most famous pupil connected with it is Charles Waterton, one of the most genuine "personalities" of his generation. He was one of the first that entered the place. I had the good fortune to be intimately acquainted with him, and have often heard him relate his 'scapes, hairbreadth and otherwise, and his many strange adventures. Readers of "The Newcomes" will recall Thackeray's amiable description of him as "the good W.," who prayed for the novelist in a church at Rome. The most brilliant of its scholars was certainly the late Mr. Shiel, who has left some pleasing sketches of the time he spent there. There are few places that bind its sons to itself by firmer and more far-reaching bonds. Here, too, young or middle-aged men and greybeards return again and again to the old home on festivals, sure of a welcome, to enjoy a day or two of the fine air and pleasant campaign country.

From The Spectator.

THE ORLEANS MANIFESTO.

THE manifesto issued by the Comte de Paris on his expulsion from France, indicates with curious precision the kind of mistake into which M. de Freycinet and his colleagues have allowed themselves to fall. They have not only sanctioned a great oppression — for even if there is an excuse for banishing the elder princes, the law depriving the younger ones of their civil rights is a direct denial of justice — but they have committed a grave

blunder in statecraft. They have solidified a fluid opposition. By the common consent of the ministry, of the Radical leaders, and of all who spoke in the debate, the one formidable prince is the Comte de Paris, the head of the family of France, the eldest descendant in the male line of the founder of the monarchy. It is to him that the monarchists are looking. It is towards him that Conservative electors are gravitating. It is to expel him that the old practice of proscription has been revived. With cynical injustice, of which they are half ashamed, the republicans have included Prince Napoleon and his son in their decree of banishment; but it was only to seem logical in their own eyes. Neither of those persons is even supposed to be formidable. The father, though one of the ablest men in France, never had any chance of popularity; and the son, under bad advice, has contrived to affront beyond forgiveness that sentiment of filial piety which in France has survived not only the Revolution, but the loss of all other faiths. Nobody would have dreamed of expelling them but for the popularity of the Comte de Paris, who was followed to his steamer at Tréport by weeping crowds, and who, by a strange turn of fortune, has been pointed out to all France as the one possible monarch. The count, who is not without his ambitions, and whose position in his own eyes was radically changed by the death of the Comte de Chambord — whom, it should be remembered, he had formally acknowledged — has grasped the opportunity. Up to the date of his expulsion, he had been living in France as a wealthy but unpresuming citizen, making no claim to rule, submitting to all laws, and liable, if he sanctioned or assisted in any conspiracy, to be tried like any other citizen for treason. He has, however, been placed by the Chamber outside the law, and being thereby liberated from the law, he announces publicly that he has ceased to be a citizen, and awaits the national recognition of his right to be king of France. "I am," he says, "head of the glorious family which has directed France during nine centuries in the work of national unity, and which, associated with the people in good and bad fortune, has made its greatness and its prosperity. . . . Taught by experience, France will not be mistaken, either as to the cause or as to the authors of the evils under which she suffers. She will recognize that the monarchy, traditional in its principle and modern in its institutions, can alone sup-

ply a remedy for them. It is only this traditional monarchy, of which I am the representative, that can reduce to impotence those men of disorder who menace the peace of the country, can ensure political and religious liberty, revive authority, and restore the public fortunes. It only can give to our democratic society a strong government, one open to all, superior to parties, one whose stability will be for Europe a pledge of enduring peace. My duty is to labor incessantly at this work of salvation. With the help of God and of all those who share my faith in the future, I shall accomplish it. The republic is afraid. In striking at me, it gives me prominence. I have confidence in France. At the decisive hour I shall be ready. — PHILIPPE, Comte de Paris." There is no mistaking the meaning of sentences like those. The republic has by its own act, and under the pressure of no necessity, transformed a wealthy citizen with a grand pedigree into a formidable pretender to the throne.

We say "formidable," because in France a prince who is the only possible alternative to the republic, who cannot be reached by republicans, and who cannot be declared unworthy to reign is necessarily formidable. The whole history of modern France shows that her people, alike by their virtues and their vices, are indisposed towards obscure dictators, that the only choice in their minds lies between the republic, the representative of a dynasty, or a man of genius. There is no man of genius, no one who could even pretend to rule by right of successful service, and though there are two dynasties, one of them is for the moment out of the competition. The only choice lies between the republic and Philip VII., and Philip VII. is therefore a formidable power. Those Frenchmen who are discontented with the republic for any reason must look to him. If the peasantry weary of taxes, if the army grows impatient of continued ill-success, if the people, above all, become alarmed either by a failure abroad or the spread of the Socialist idea at home, it is in the old monarchy that they must seek a refuge. They have no other course to pursue, and they perceive the fact so distinctly that, though the immense majority of Frenchmen were till recently Republicans, in the last election, on October 4th, 1885, three and a half millions of votes, out of a total of seven millions, were thrown for monarchists, all of whom, as against the republic, would accept the heir of the ancient line. Let

that number become through any cause — a defeat, a blunder, a new tax — a majority, and the Chamber has so arranged affairs, that it has only to summon the king. It is true he is in exile; but what difference does that make; or, rather, is not the difference in his favor, inasmuch as he is beyond arrest, has ceased to excite the morbid social envy which has banished him, and is beyond the range of that social microscope through which Frenchmen examine the faults of all who presume to be great? A resident pretender appeals to the eye, an exile to the imagination; and with the millions, it is the imagination which is strong. The Comte de Paris may never reach the throne, but his chance as an exile in England is far better than his chance as a great noble living in Normandy or Paris. An exile, said M. Marcou in the debate, "is, as I know from experience, soon forgotten;" but the acrid sentence, too true when uttered of men of genius or of service, is not true of exiles whose claim rests on their birth. How many Englishmen knew Charles Stuart when he was called from Holland, or how many Spaniards had ever seen King Alfonso's face when he mounted the throne? The fate of the republic depends upon events about which it is vain to speculate; perhaps upon men now sitting unknown and obscure in corners of Paris. But if its fate is disastrous, one reason of its fall will have been that a majority of representatives unconvinced in their own minds, and of ministers careless of justice so that they might keep their places, suddenly reminded all Frenchmen, by a great act of oppression, that they had among them a personage who, if they desired a monarchy, was the inevitable king. A greater act of folly was never committed by men at the head of a great State.

From The Saturday Review.
CORAL FISHING.

THOUGH Naples, or at least Torre del Greco, is one of the great centres of the coral trade, the material found in the gulf is both small in quantity and poor in quality. There are submarine rocks, well known to the fishermen, though they are laid down on no chart, where a piece or two may almost always be found; but they are so few, and their yield is so precarious and meagre, that by a private agreement among the boat-owners each

of them is only fished once in every three years. There can be little doubt that other and more fruitful fishing-grounds are still undiscovered. In the opinion of many who ought to be well informed, wherever a rock rises above the sediment which forms the ground of a great part of the bay at a depth of about three hundred feet or more from the surface, the chances are that coral will be found upon it. The discovery of such banks has hitherto been almost entirely the work of chance. When a deep-sea fisher found a branch among the refuse of his nets, he gave information to the proper authorities, and received a reward proportionate to the value of his find. It was thus that the great bank of Sciacca, on the coast of Sicily, was discovered, of which we shall have to speak further *ca.* But though new fishing-grounds may be found in the Bay of Naples itself, it is not likely that they will have any great importance.

The value of coral depends on its color and its size. The white or rose-tinted variety stands highest in popular esteem, perhaps chiefly because it is the rarest. It is mostly found in the Straits of Messina, and on some parts of the African and Sardinian coasts. The bright red coral, in which the polyps are still living when it is fished up, stands next in value. Dead coral has a duller tint, and is consequently sold at a lower price. Two entirely different substances bear the name of black coral. One of them is not, properly speaking, coral at all, and it is commercially worthless, as it breaks into flakes instead of yielding to the knife, though it is often sold as a costly curiosity to foreigners. The other is the common red coral which has undergone a sea change, probably through the decomposition of the living beings that once built and inhabited it. It is not much admired in Europe, but in India it commands high prices, so that large quantities of it are exported every year. These are the four important distinctions of color, though they of course include intermediate tints which rank according to their clearness and brilliancy.

The size is a still more important matter. The thickness of the stem of the coral plant — we use the commercial and entirely unscientific expression — determines its price, and many a branch of red coral is valued more highly on account of its thickness than a smaller piece of the choicer rose color. The reason for this is clear. A large, straight piece of material affords an opportunity to the artificer; a crooked one, if it is only bulky enough,

can at least be turned into large beads; mere points and fragments can only be used for smaller ones, or made into those horns which are said to be invaluable against the evil eye, but which do not command a high price in the market, perhaps because it is overstocked.

The coral fishery of Naples has now, for the most part, fallen into the hands of a few wealthy firms. Formerly fishermen would club together and try their fortune on co-operative principles, but this system has almost entirely died out. A few single *padroni* still remain, but their exertions are entirely confined to the gulf. They are usually men of experience who can decide how the net is to be laid and drawn, and who hold the guiding-rope in their own hands. The boat and the nets are theirs, and they pay their subordinates a fixed sum to serve under them for one or two days. The whole yield, under these circumstances, of course belongs to the padrone. The larger firms could make an end of these boatmen easily enough, but it is not worth their while to do so. The yield of the gulf is comparatively small, and houses that possess from ten to thirty large boats of their own find it more advantageous to purchase the rough material from the local fishermen than to crush them by a cruel and irresistible competition, as they train the men, who are afterwards employed in expeditions to a distance.

The instrument with which the coral is taken consists of two strong beams of hard wood, which are fastened together in the form of a cross by metal claspings, to which a weight is added. Strong hempen nets are fastened to the arms. When a bank is reached this primitive instrument is lowered, and moved up and down against the submarine rocks by means of a capstan turned by the whole of the boat's crew, except the padrone, who directs the movement of the apparatus by means of a second rope which is attached to the chief one some feet above the point where the latter is secured in the centre of the cross. The coral branches are caught in the meshes of the nets, and remain hanging in them. Those that are broken off by the woodwork are usually lost. In some places, especially on the coast of Sardinia, the end of the arms is surmounted by a circle of curved iron teeth, like those of a garden rake, but larger and stronger, below which open nets are suspended. In this case the beams are nearly double the length of those generally used by the largest boats, as they often measure six or

seven metres — that is, nearly eight yards from end to end. It is only by this means that coral can be obtained from the lower surfaces of shelving rocks; but the teeth are apt to fracture the stems in such a way as to render them almost worthless; and so this form of the instrument is rarely used where the other can be employed.

The banks, or rather rocks, that are most frequently visited lie at a depth of from two hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the water; it is very rarely that an attempt is made to reach those which are lower than six hundred feet. Indeed, it lies in the very nature of the case, that, even if they exist, they should remain unknown, and that, if they were known, they would hardly repay the cost of fishing while it is conducted on the present system. They are scattered all along the coasts of the Mediterranean, sometimes close to the shore, and sometimes at twenty-four, or even thirty, hours' hard rowing from it. At many stations there is a small local fishery; but the bulk of the trade, at least in Italy, is in the hands of large firms, which, for the most part, have their centres in Genoa, Leghorn, or the Bay of Naples.

These firms both supply and equip the boats, which, according to their size, are manned by five or ten fishermen. In addition to these a padrone is allotted to each, who exercises large disciplinary powers. He is a man of knowledge and experience, and usually receives a percentage on the value of the season's take, as well as his regular pay. The selection of the crew of his boat is often left entirely to him; he is always consulted with respect to it, and enjoys a right of veto. The men are hired for the season, by agreement, for from sixty to seventy francs a month, a large part of which is usually paid beforehand, and their food, which is of the coarsest kind. As a rule the season lasts from April to the end of September, but it depends greatly on the weather, as fishing is impossible in mist or when the sea is high.

The labor is exceedingly hard. At dawn the padrone calls his men and, after a short prayer, the net is lowered; from then till sunset the work continues almost without interruption. The exertion required to let down and wind up the net under a blazing summer sun is extreme, and it has to be done on ship-biscuit of the coarsest kind, and water that on the more distant stations has often become foul by long keeping. In the evening a

sort of soup is made. Garlic and pepperoni, the pungent fruit of a southern plant, are boiled in water; olive-oil is added, and this is poured over biscuits which have been broken and placed in the dish. For months this diet is hardly varied, and yet the men retain their good spirits. After the evening meal has been taken, they indulge in guitar-playing and singing, and on the more frequented banks the boats answer and vie with each other.

In 1878 the discovery of the Sciacca bank, which lies at a considerable distance off the southern coast of Sicily, roughly speaking between Girgenti and the island of Pantellaria, caused a crisis in the coral trade. At one time nearly a thousand boats might be found fishing there, and seeming to form a city in the midst of the sea. Each of these is said to have taken between one and two hundredweight of coral a day. It is certain that within three years eighty-eight thousand German centers were taken from this bank alone. A great part of this coral was dead, and much of it was of the black color that only finds purchasers in the East. The large firms did everything in their power to prevent the market being overflowed. Many of them still retain hundreds and some thousands of cases which have never been placed in the hands of the artificers. Still the price fell, and it is only at a considerable sacrifice that the greater houses still keep their boats at sea and the workshops open; but they know that, if they let them fall, the fate of their old competitors in Marseilles awaits them, for both the fishing for coral and its treatment by the artificers depend upon traditions which, when they have once been lost, it is difficult to revive.

One of the matters of general interest which the bank of Sciacca placed clearly before those who were interested in it from other than a mercantile point of view was the fact that not only were dead and live coral there found side by side, but that in many cases the latter was growing on the former. Signor Lo Bianco spent several days on one of the boats for the purpose of inquiring into this and other scientific matters. Few men possess a keener eye for such sides of nature, or have enjoyed so good an opportunity of training and regulating it as his connection with the zoological station at Naples has afforded him. In his opinion the original bank was submerged by volcanic action, and the mud killed the mature polyps. The germs and larval forms, which still existed in the water, settled upon such

branches of dead coral as still rose above the sediment, and so began life anew. If he is right, the Sciacca is a kind of submarine Herculaneum.

There is not likely to be any immediate improvement in the coral trade. As soon as prices rise, the large firms will be tempted to sell a part at least of the stock they have hitherto reserved in the hope of better times. If the depression lasts, they may be compelled to do so, which would lead to a further fall. This can have but a small interest for the general public, but the sight of the boats whose crews sail or row for long distances without the aid of a compass, guided only by the stars or the glimpse of some distant headland, and in their fishing employ instruments which are said to have been hardly modified since the days of the first Roman emperors, may suggest a summer afternoon reverie.

From The Spectator.

THE JUBILEE YEAR OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE queen's jubilee year commenced on Sunday, and everybody is writing about the wonderful events of her long reign — the period, perhaps, in all history most distinctly marked by advance in man's long effort alike to understand and to subdue the opposing forces of nature — and the changes which she has witnessed in the world and at home. That is natural enough; but such writing is only history, and history based on very imperfect materials, and it would be much more interesting to know, if etiquette would permit her Majesty to tell us frankly, what she thought on the subject herself. How does her own reign, as she looks back on it, slightly wearied with years, burdened with experiences, and educated by contact with many first-class minds, appear to Queen Victoria? She very likely does not regard it exactly from the historian's point of view; indeed, she cannot, for she, in her own thoughts, must be more of a pivot to the history of the empire than she would seem to any chronicler, however courtly. If the world be on fire, kings think, as private men think when a city burns, of what they themselves have lost by the great conflagration.

Reigning is a profession like another, the fact that the king inherits his place and his duties being one common to him and to great landlords, great bankers, great brewers, and owners of great shops.

The queen, as she reflects upon the past, must in the first instance regard it with a professional eye, and from that point of view she must look upon herself as on the whole a successful woman. She has gained much and lost little, — nothing, indeed, of value. Constitutional royalty has suffered nothing in her hands. She has decidedly raised the character of that branch of the kingly profession in the world's eyes, has made mankind think it more instead of less beneficial and effective, and has indefinitely increased their readiness to entrust it to women's charge. The long duration of her reign has increased the general sense of the stability of the system, as have also its freedom from great blunders and the general, though not complete, contentment of her subjects. For half a century a queen has ruled successfully over a great people, through a Parliament freely elected by her subjects, and successive ministers whom they have chosen, — that is a great fact, outweighing the weightiest or the wittiest theoretical indictment of constitutional monarchy. Nor is there any public evidence that the constitutional plan of government, odd and cumbersome as it seems to the philosopher, is drawing to a close. The queen may see signs of change that her subjects do not, symptoms of growing resistance, evidences of declining respect for the throne, indications that the props which supported it are becoming unsteady; but most observers, we think, would agree in considering the English monarchy safer than in 1837. An abstract liking for republicanism may have increased, and undoubtedly the desire to keep the throne in the background has developed itself and become more conscious; but the popular dislike of royalty has died away, and with it an antipathy, keenly felt in many quarters down to 1837, for the particular dynasty. The queen has never been "of Hanover," and has never been considered by her people anything but entirely English; and that has been a cause of popularity. Her Majesty, looking back on old memories, can hardly think otherwise than that; though it would be mightily interesting to hear her own view of the position of the throne in 1837 and 1886. She may have had direct powers in her earlier life, in the way of patronage, for example, which have slowly slipped away; she may have been less afraid of Parliament when the true people was so completely outside it; and she may feel that the separate volition of her ministers has grown stronger and more en-

chaining than it was when the sailor-king used to fume and swear. We do not think it has been so, for a certain awe of the queen has grown upon the men who come much in contact with her; but only her Majesty can tell exactly what of change there has been. Many a head of a great business is aware that while he has seemed more respected than ever in his office, and while his "position" has actually risen, the essentials of power have slipped imperceptibly from his hands. Kings test their place in their States by their power rather than by their influence — power being an enjoyment, and influence an exertion — and power may have diminished, while influence has remained or has increased. The throne has, no doubt, in one way grown higher. The mere expansion of the English race has raised the position of the solitary English sovereign very much — at least, we suppose Queen Victoria is solitary, though Rajah Brooke might dispute the accuracy of the phrase — has widened in the world the shadow of the throne, and has made the queen first among eighty millions of English-speaking folk, instead of among thirty millions. No American would deny that Queen Victoria was first in the world. New nations have learned to sing the national anthem, and the beat of that morning drum of which Webster spoke, and which follows the sun round the world, wakes cities filled with life and moving multitudes where there were only villages or barracks. The queen, who is keenly sensitive to her world-rank, to her lonely place in the Indian continent, to the reverence paid her in the southern hemisphere, to the respect for her in all those great English communities over which her flag does not fly, must feel that rise of position; but does she estimate it exactly as her subjects do? Kings compare themselves with each other, and the queen's idea of her relative position among her colleagues may not be exactly ours. She is first in rank in the world, unless the emperor of China is, for outside Europe and China the one sovereign whom all men know is the sovereign of England; but she is scarcely first in Europe. That proud and dangerous house of Bourbon, which alone seemed to rival hers, is nearly gone, retaining Spain alone among its kingdoms, and is no longer even desirous of continuing the secular rivalry; but then, the Romanoff has grown greater and more hostile; the Hohenzollern, who fifty years ago was no one in particular in the regal hierarchy, has risen to the head-

ship of Europe; and even the little Savoyard, with his splendid pedigree and his hereditary poverty, has become a mighty king. The foreign "standing" of the throne has increased till it can hardly increase more; but its professional standing at home in Europe has become more doubtful, and the queen, when the muster-roll of kings is called, has not increased the distance between herself and others, — perhaps has even lessened it. Foreign affairs interest English sovereigns just as the battle of society interests humbler folk, and one would like to know how, in respect to the struggle for precedence, the history of fifty years has struck Queen Victoria herself. She is greater on the planet, there is no doubt of that; but is she greater, judged as princes judge, in Europe? Her children's alliances have been great — as well as little — but once or twice there have been international disputes of etiquette; and we have always fancied, it may be fancifully, that the oddest incident of the reign, the promotion of her Majesty from queen to empress by a minister fond of glitter, indicated a faint uneasiness in the queen herself as to her social position. Rivals seemed to be passing her in the social race; so, having full claim thereto, she assumed the magnificent and imposing, but not quite substantial, title which told them of her equality even in rank with the loftiest on earth. Heiress of the great mogul, she mounted his throne, and signs herself, not, one suspects, without some pleasure, "Victoria, R. et l."

Our descendants will know, we suppose, when those invaluable documents, the queen's letters to her ministers and her children abroad, get published — fancy a robbery of the crown princess's cabinet, and a sale in America of the letters found there! — what the queen thinks of all the movement of her reign. She has not always sympathized with it, and, indeed, it was scarcely possible she should. Garibaldi is said to have struck her very much as Claude Duval, the highwayman, struck our ancestors, — as a picturesque bandit; and the whole of the march of democracy must have seemed to her a perplexing or alarming symptom of modern history. An old lawyer may be a very able man as well as a good one, and yet not sympathize with the eagerness for new principles of law; and a king must be very reflective indeed if in an age of dynamite he appreciates democracy. We suspect we should find, if we knew the truth, that Queen Victoria, though indifferent about the suf-

frage — kings never see much difference between ten-pounders and householders — and not displeased that the closely knit power of the aristocracy has passed away, regards democracy very much as any other great lady of a certain age would, that is, with mingled dislike and suspicion. She may not wish to resist it, any more than to resist a flood; but one does not love a flood, even when it is nearly sure to be beneficial. It is human to think that although the rushing water will make the grass on the meadows richer, it may also, *en passant*, drown me; and that if it does, it will do it with a most annoying, not to say insolent, indifference. The prosperity of her people must please the queen, and the wonderful softening of their manners, as well as the improvement — not so visible, perhaps, in the highest circles — in their morals. But we can imagine that in her mind there is another side to all this, by no means so acceptable. Most persons share the opinions of their caste, and the royal caste in Europe is growing, if not bitter, at least pessimist, and feels its happiness materially diminished by the increasing number of assassins. No sovereign in Europe, not even Francis Joseph, can now stroll about his own capital; and as most of them are conscious of good intentions, and quite innocent of wilful oppression, that change must to some extent make them either hard or sad. We should not wonder if Queen Victoria, if she would reveal her thoughts, would confess that she looked on the "movement of the age" with feelings Herbert Spencer would not share, with more of gloomy apprehensiveness than democrats do, and with less of hope. Royalty can hardly gain by it, and every honest king must at heart sympathize with Kaiser Joseph's cold repartee, "Madame, mon rôle est d'être royaliste." It is just possible that the queen, whose reign has been almost a separate era of progress, may at heart look back with tranquil regret to the time when communication was less rapid, when opinion was not so advanced, and when an English proposal to give up Ireland would have condemned the proposer to exclusion from power, as a man hopelessly devoid of ability to govern men.

From The Saturday Review.
THE TOWER BRIDGE.

PRINCES and princesses have abounded this week in the East End, and next week

they will even more abound. The great ceremonial of Monday took place on ground every foot of which had its own historical association; yet, apart from the background of old grey towers and red-tiled roofs within the fortress, the warehouses of St. Katharine's Dock offered scanty evidence of the remote antiquity of the site. In a sad little street further east, with its neat but shabby two-storied houses, and its teeming population of toilers, it would have been still more difficult for an inhabitant of the Bethnal Green of five hundred years ago to recognize the place. Here, too, some members of the royal family, indefatigable in well doing, were to be seen on a hot afternoon at the modest exhibition of the Home Arts Association. If there is something incongruous between the magnificence of a modern State ceremonial and an ancient relic like the Tower, it is intensified when a handsome carriage, with its liveries and its high-stepping horses, followed perhaps by a dozen more, equally splendid and equally noisy, comes clattering along the dusty street, disturbing and scattering on all sides the children whose right to make mud pies in the gutter has never before been even questioned. These are somehow the aspects in which royal visits to the East End strike the mind; we forget the advantages to trade which the stir and the bustle of Monday bring in; we overlook the necessity of combating idleness and encouraging good taste and manual skill, and the marvellous effect produced by a little royal patronage. When strings of banners flutter from house to house; when a long procession of soldiers and gilt coaches rattles over the stones; when a prince in a scarlet uniform lays a foundation stone, and a princess in gorgeous apparel and diamonds lights up the dinginess of an East End schoolroom, the contrast overpowers every other effect, and it is almost a relief to look back and seek, if possible, for something which is not of pressing modern interest, or to look forward to the benefits likely to accrue from the works now set going. When Long-champ laid violent hands on a little cemetery belonging to the Hospital of St. Katharine in order to widen the precinct on the east side of the absent king's great castle, and when the citizens turned out in their thousands to demand its restitution in vain, they can hardly have foreseen the time when the representative of the sovereignty of England should attend on that very spot to lay the first stone of

a bridge whose approaches will practically give back to the citizens what was taken from the hospital seven centuries ago. Everything which the Bishop of Ely, and the canons of the Holy Trinity, and Queen Matilda's pensioners in St. Katharine's, and the indignant citizens under their new mayor, Henry of Londonstone, fought over, except some portions of the Tower itself, has changed, nay, has utterly disappeared. Even the river is different. The polar bear which used to fish with a long rope round his neck near the Bulwark and the "Kaia Regis" of Henry III. would find few fish living in the Thames water now. St. Katharine's is not. The very earth has been dug out, and was sent up to Pimlico in barges; the buildings have been destroyed, and the monuments from the church decorate a "neat Gothic chapel" of the time and style of George IV. in the Regent's Park. Still, the great White Tower itself remains, a building, to quote Mr. Clark's words, which is the most interesting fortress in Britain; a fortress than which no other "is so deeply associated with the history of its nation, or with the progress of civil and religious liberty." The new bridge and its commencement on Monday last add a material and a moral link to this long chain of association. Even the removal of St. Katharine's Hospital and Church, and the erection of the unsightly warehouses of the Irongate Wharf, will not have affected the river view as much as this new bridge. From below, coming up to London, it is possible that the two tall turrets with their tapering roofs, and the footway suspended a hundred and thirty feet above the surface of the Thames at high water, will form a kind of frame for the time-honored view of the Tower and the City behind it. They may injure the view, and looking down the river they will certainly do so, unless the architect who designs them makes an effort in pursuit of the picturesque that few architects have attempted in the City since the days of Wren. Yet, when all is done, the convenience, the relief of the traffic, and all the other advantages afforded by the new bridge must be taken into the account; and it will be difficult even for an antiquarian grumbler to find fault with an arrangement which he will be able to look upon as redressing a wrong done seven centuries ago, while undoubtedly the gain to the hard-working East End laborer, and to all concerned in the traffic which now chokes up the passage of London Bridge, must be immense.